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The Washington Monthly

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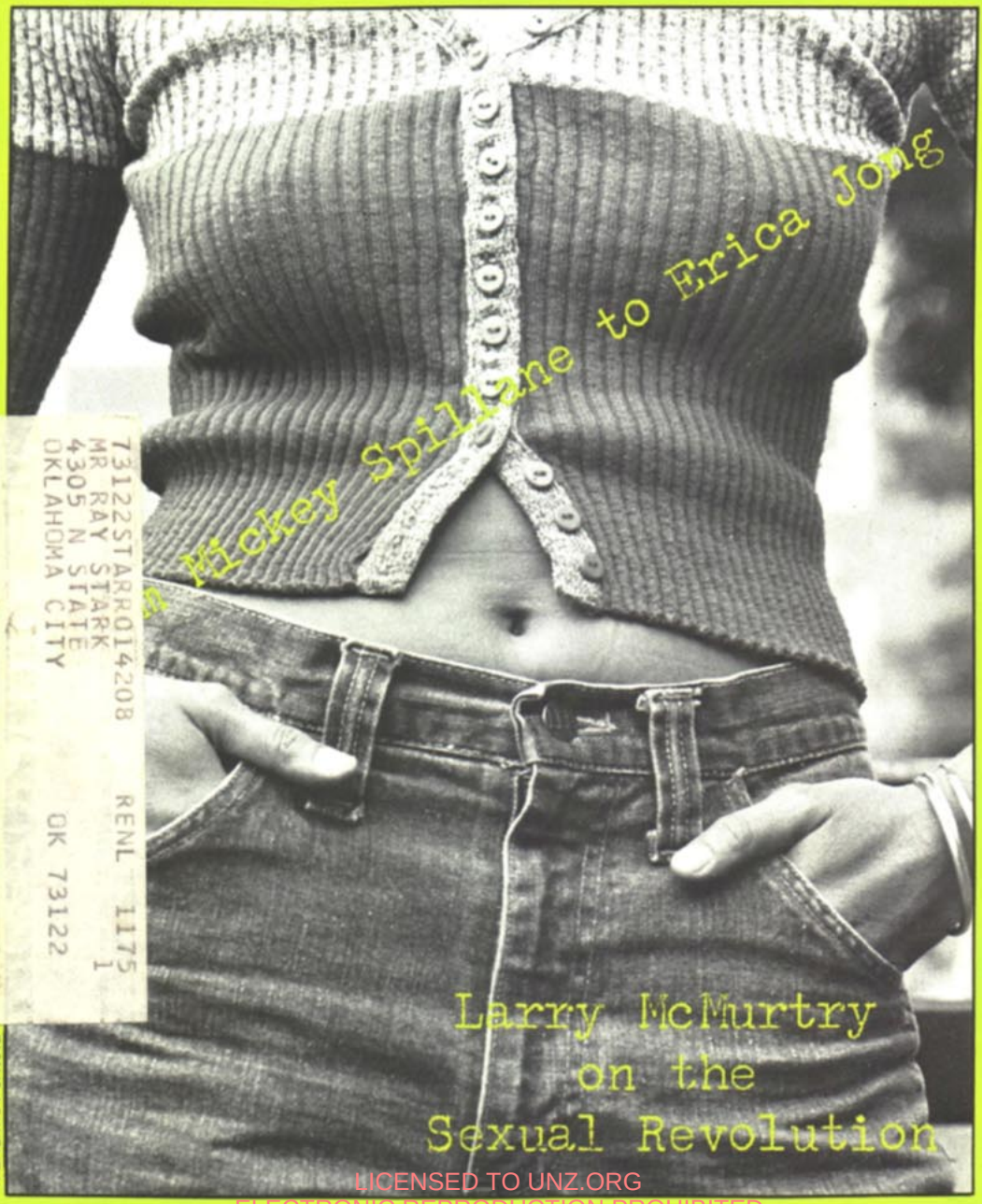

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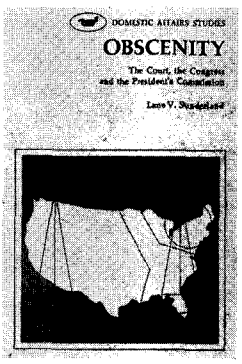

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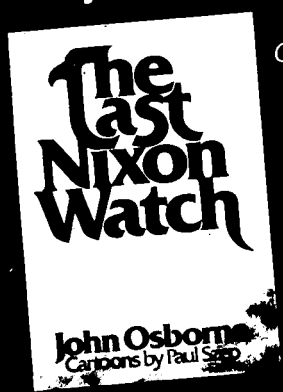

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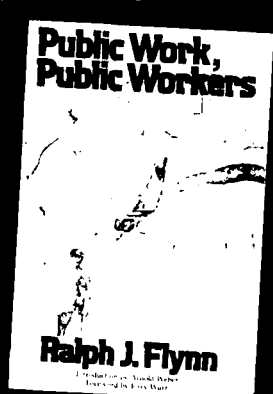

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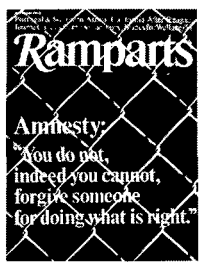

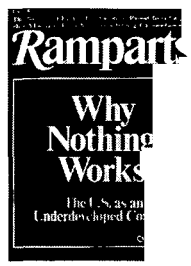

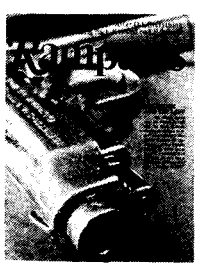

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Letters

Joseph Kraft

I thought the article on Joe Kraft ["The Most Famous Journalist in America," by James Fallows, March] was especially good, although I was disappointed by the suggestion that Joe is finally going to be pronounced the winner of The Next Walter Lippmann competition. Between us, I am still convinced that *I* am The Next Walter Lippmann.

RUSSELL BAKER
New York, N.Y.

Russell Baker is a columnist for The New York Times.

Since Joe Kraft is a good friend, my criticisms of James Fallows' rambling, simplistic and sometimes cheap analysis of Joe's writing may reflect a personal bias. But my even greater bias, raised by the Fallows piece, is against sloppy reporting—particularly if it has been tailored to make a point that would not stand up if a balanced factual presentation had been made.

Fallows apparently has his own standards for what an analytical newspaper column ought to be. That's fine. But to make a splash with *his* views, what better gimmick can there be than using hindsight, some hyped-up quotes and highly selective examples to attack Kraft, the man who today writes the best newspaper political column. I'm certain others who respect Joe's work will write protesting the Fallows treatment and thus we will all add to the impression that his words and your magazine will have sparked a serious discussion. For my part that is not so. My respect for Mr. Fallows has diminished, and the point about columns which he was trying to make has been submerged by his obvious desire to appear the dragon-slayer at any cost.

WALTER PINCUS
Washington, D.C.

Walter Pincus is the executive editor of The New Republic.

This note is to tell you what a fine piece you did on Kraft. I thought you captured the mores of that breed perfectly with fairness for Kraft's obvious superiority, but still hitting the target sharply.

WILLIAM GREIDER
Washington, D.C.

William Greider is a reporter for The Washington Post.

James Fallows' treatment of Joseph Kraft in the March issue of your magazine is badly distorted in the sense that it magnifies Mr. Kraft's flaws while minimizing his achievements. The result, in my opinion, is an unbalanced portrayal that in many ways tells more about Fallows than it does about Kraft.

Mr. Kraft has certainly made his share of mistakes—as did, I should add, Walter Lippmann. The basic dishonesty in the Fallows article, however, is that it chooses to disregard several of Mr. Kraft's brilliant perceptions in order to dramatize his misjudgments.

Mr. Fallows is either naive or vicious, for example, when he focuses on Kraft's erroneous approach to Connally but dismisses in a sentence the fact that Mr. Kraft was one of the first journalists to forecast the Vietnam disaster. That sort of tilt on the part of Fallows is serious, especially when so many of us who covered Vietnam in the early 1960s were arguing not against the American commitment but against the techniques being used.

Nor does Fallows tell us anything about Mr. Kraft's complicated and, in my estimation, courageous relationship with Kissinger—a relationship that has permitted Mr. Kraft to cover Kissinger without the fawning obsequiousness of many of our colleagues. In that respect it is worth pointing out that Mr. Kraft does not "consort" with Brandt, Brezhnev, Chou En-lai, etc. He covers them as any reporter does—only better.

As Mr. Fallows correctly noted in his piece, I admire and respect Joe Kraft, in part because he is a friend, but largely because he is one of the best journalists in the country.

STANLEY KARNOW
Washington, D.C.

Stanley Karnow is Associate Editor of The New Republic.

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One person's subversion is another's progress, I. F. Stone once said. Likewise, what to Joseph Kraft is "responsibility" and to Mr. Fallows is "loyalty" or "reverence," others call "collaboration." The article accurately pegs the cozy relationship Kraft enjoys with government elites and his subsequent awe of these "noblemen" but only implies what needs to be said flat out—that the brouhahas of debate splashing across the *Post*'s op-ed page only mask the basic congruence in philosophy between Kraft and the mainstream of government policy. The areas of agreement far outweigh in scope and importance the gentlemanly quarrels that make the day-to-day news so entertainingly trivial.

In China covering the Nixon visit, Kraft tells a Chinese acquaintance, "You always insist on settling principles first. We believe in principles in the United States, but we think that they are something you carry around in the back of your head, not talking about them too much. We think that, in the interests of practical achievement, it is sometimes a good idea not to let abstract ideas get in the way. We believe in settling principles last."

If the status quo is comfortable, debate on basics probably is not. Principles undebated are undiscovered and unquestioned; thus the parameters of public debate are shrunken to narrow, intramural issues like the usual Democrat versus Republican twaddle. More deep-rooted disagreement outside those boundaries becomes "irresponsible" and often "reactionary" to Kraft since it stands in the way of his idea of the future. The message is: let's you and me and him get together and do what I want—backed up with the reins of state power.

Kraft's own hidden ideology, the ideology of "progress" (which is taken to mean high-technology development and expansion) formed and still forms the basis for much of American policy towards the Third World. The "Alliance for Progress" waved the altruistic banner of American technological largess while increasing corporate penetration and building up Latin American military elites, at the expense of ideological anti-capitalists (thus irrelevant or irresponsible to Kraft) like Allende.

In Kraft's early '60s books, *The Struggle for Algeria* and *The Grand Design*, the crudest cultural jingoism drapes his ideology of progress, in which the West molds Asia, Africa, and Latin America in its own image, all for their own benefit of course. Such passages abound as:

"... Algeria shows in acute form the process by which Asia and Africa came suddenly awake. Their vast tracts, a century ago, were people by primitive agricultural communities, virtually immune to change and limited in horizon to a radius of a few hundred miles. Suddenly, and in some cases brutally, there supervened contact with the advanced civilization of the West.... Willy-nilly the dormant communities stirred.... In touch with modernity, they have advanced much further than their fellows down the path from traditional societies."

The Struggle for Algeria (page 253)

American intervention, Vietnam and elsewhere, has depended heavily on these arrogant sentiments. Sharing the government's goals in Vietnam, although criticizing its tactics—for incompetence and brutality, not intention—Kraft perceives as "irresponsibility" in segments of the antiwar movement what actually is rock-bottom political differences. No wonder he wants to draw a "decent veil of oblivion" over the Vietnam debate after the 1972 election, just before the murderous Christmas bombings. Too close analysis would disregard the turbulent in-house bickering over the seminar table among government bigwigs and journalists like himself and find them holding hands beneath.

TIMOTHY FRASCA
Washington, D.C.

If James Fallows' intention was to produce a serious discussion of Joseph Kraft, then he was badly hurt by the overall packaging that enveloped the article.

I refer primarily to the astounding chain of errors in judgment that produced the boxed story concerning an encounter between two passing American journalists and a taxicab driver in Lebanon, and proceeded from there to the final inexcusable cover quotation—a quotation that simply does not appear in the story and is supported (if that is the correct word) only by the odd story that William McPherson told Fallows and that Fallows then decided to use.

Whether or not you like Kraft, or think that he has failed to live up to his bright promise (which was, as I understand it, the point of the article), you owe it to your readers and your subjects to deal with them fairly, and not to set up inaccurate straw men.

Without these distorting factors the article would have had a different tone. The criticism of Kraft would have been seen within a different context. But the reader is now left with the impression that there was

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an effort made to "get" Kraft—for what purpose is not clear. All the more shame, since Kraft is, as Fallows pointed out, a significant journalist deserving of serious discussion for both his strengths and weaknesses.

RICHARD HOLBROOKE
New York, N.Y.

Richard Holbrooke is Managing Editor of Foreign Policy.

James Fallows' piece on Joseph Kraft was distressing to read. I am an old friend of Mr. Kraft's, a more recent one of Mr. Fallows' and an admirer of your magazine. I think all three were hurt by your March issue.

The presentation of the piece was at the level of the Beaverbrook Press as parodied by Evelyn Waugh. The cover, the title, the accompanying boxes were a series of cheap shots. I can understand your general view that we liberals ought to be more honest about our own faults. But when you think of the pomposity and viciousness of some journalism, it is a gross distortion of values to prove your gutsiness toward liberals by scoring smart-aleck points at the expense of a man as humane, intelligent and fair as Joe Kraft.

The treatment so disfigured the piece that the serious ideas it had to offer were lost. It is true, in general, that columnists write too much, and with too little fresh research or perception. Vignettes of the great often make embarrassing reading later, or even sooner. The Washington fascination with who's in and who's out is tedious. The pressure to be "responsible," as Mr. Fallows puts it, can be dangerous.

Of course it is also possible to criticize particular pieces of Mr. Kraft's, and I agree with some of Mr. Fallows' criticism—for example of the articles on McGeorge Bundy and John Connally. I dare say Mr. Kraft feels differently about them now, too. Which of us would not like to call back things he has written? Similarly, I disagree with Mr. Kraft's view on such matters as the CIA and the Security Council leak to Jack Anderson, as he disagrees with my views on other things. But I have never known him to argue such matters other than courteously, and seriously.

Whatever Mr. Fallows' disagreements with Mr. Kraft, I think he withholds credit where he would really agree it is due. Mr. Kraft has struggled to keep perspective while on the inside in Washington—that is, to give his readers the benefit of first-hand acquaintance and information without being co-opted. That is a brave and very difficult thing to do. I could not do it. I think Mr. Kraft has done it better than any other present columnist. The outstanding case in point was his early and brilliant perception of the disaster toward which we were heading in Vietnam.

ANTHONY LEWIS
Boston, Mass.

Anthony Lewis is a columnist for The New York Times.

I much admired your piece on Joe Kraft in the current issue, not only for what it is, but for what it isn't, i.e., cheap—like the Cockburn sidebar, which I nonetheless admit gave me some guilty pleasure, and certainly has its documentary significance. (In fact, I might add that I enjoyed the whole issue. Suzannah Lessard wows me as Hannah Arendt and Rebecca West did when we were all younger, and Tom Bethell must have satisfied my *schadenfreude* requirements for the next six weeks. Hapgood's review made me reflect on the nature of things, e.g., court-ordered disgorgement of highway funds, phalanxes of unemployed labor, depression in the building trades, non-existence and indefinite postponement of a rail link between the Long Island airports and Manhattan on budgetary grounds, etc.)

What provokes me to afterthoughts has as much to do with what you didn't say as what you did. I also have some specific quibbles, but these are largely marginalia: if only for personal reasons, it seems to me of some practical interest that Joe is also decent, helpful, and unpatronizing to peripheral and unimportant acquaintances like me; he works, as well as writes, hard in the sense of acquiring and commanding information; he can, when necessary, make it without the Gerald Warrens—or specifically the Ron Zieglers of this world, viz., his own self-promoted tour of China when the Nixon management left him off the official U.S. list, and the bonus in the form of being allowed to stay on after the official Americans had to go home.

But the basic problems are two: to what extent Joe's unquestionable errors, shortcomings and blindspots are also functionally connected with his virtues; and to what extent they reflect not only the consequences of too much too often, and the intrinsic lousiness of the art form, but also the large and specific peculiarities of American journalism, culture and even geography

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that make the syndicated column viable—and even necessary—in the first place. Or, to make this more specific, can a man make it in Washington without being compulsive, upwardly mobile and egomaniac? Or hold his own without benefit of an institutional toga like *The New York Times*? Will he be taken seriously by people who should take him seriously—not only by voter-taxpayer-newspaper readers like you and me, I mean —without being identifiably sovereign and establishmentarian? Doesn't the establishmentarian breakfast oracle perform a useful, and even a unique, service in a continental-size country with a minimal national press and an endemic weakness for local publishers whose idea of intellectual enrichment for their editorial writers is to buy them a subscription to *The Wall Street Journal*?

Granted that these are hard to deal with in ten, or even a hundred, thousand words. Granted also that to understand all is not to forgive all. But it seems to me that to ignore such questions must vitiate even a very good piece like yours, if only—snicker if you will—by implying that things are simpler than they are. I agree that Joe Kraft, or anybody else, might be a better journalist if he wrote less, required less fear, tolerance and/or approbation in high places and asserted the purposeful irresponsibility—I mean this in a neutral sense—of Nicholas von Hoffman, Murray Kempton, I.F. Stone, etc. But at some point we all run up against my favorite German proverb, "if my grandmother had wheels, she'd be a bus," and I wonder if we wouldn't do as well, or even better, to acknowledge the obvious—and not merely, I mean, to imply it—i.e., that none of us can get along on one columnist, one newspaper, etc., if we really want to know what's going on around us.

DAVID SCHOENBAUM
Iowa City, Iowa

David Schoenbaum is a professor of history at the University of Iowa.

What is at the heart of the debate on Joseph Kraft is not whether or not he was one of the first to write about the darkness of Vietnam but whether he was ever affected by what he wrote, whether he was willing to follow through on his perceptions. It is not enough to be against something like the war very early on, you have to therefore proceed with what that teaches you. But he covered these men as if it were business as usual, as if they really did know what they were talking about, as if their pseudo information were real; he wrote nothing of their real entrapment. Where a generation of other reporters might have come a step or two slower to realizing that the war was terrible (Wicker, Lewis, etc.), once they perceived what was happening they took it further, and they realized that the very 'good guys' that they had once dined with in Washington were the problem—not Westy or Depuy or someone like that. They took the lessons they learned from Vietnam and went deeper and deeper and became more and more alienated. Joe learned the lesson more quickly, and did nothing with it—for him it was business as usual. I do not think the failure was an intellectual one; I suspect it was a human or social one—if you are going to dine with these people and covet their information and access, and have them to dinner then you have to take them and their mock world of mock information and mock reality seriously and at face value. This seems to me the crucial point. He never learned and understood the lesson of what he had been ahead on—never covered the isolation of the White House, the madness that the war produced in Washington. Having been right, he pretended that those who were wrong were in fact right. So he became rather than a man who knew what was wrong and knew what was wrong early, an extension of those who had been wrong—in effect a conduit for them and for their mendacity. Nor was the problem, and this is crucial, one of intelligence. But then the problem with those illustrious decision-makers of that era was not intelligence either. Rather it was a lack of respect for the public intelligence, a belief that we did not know what was happening and could not tell the difference between lies and the truth and could not understand the games they were playing. I mention this because Kraft's name is often linked with Lippmann's, and yet there is one thing that distinguishes Lippmann over those many years, it is not so much his clear intelligence but his belief that we could understand him and follow him. This seems to me the central difference between the two columnists and the reason we were so much in Lippmann's debt.

DAVID HALBERSTAM
New York, N.Y.

David Halberstam is the author of The Best and the Brightest.

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Your piece on Joseph Kraft was superb and so relevant to a new generation of reporters who are coming to realize that brains and charm do not always make correct policy. Joseph Kraft is an astonishing journalist, and I admire him. But Mr. Fallows has shown us his soft spots in a way that David Halberstam taught us about the weaknesses of the men who got us into Vietnam. Thank you for the piece.

DANA SPITZER
St. Louis, Mo.

Dana Spitzer is a reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The final twist given the anecdote about the Lebanese driver's encounter with the journalist Joseph Kraft is inaccurate. While the driver did describe Kraft as "the most famous journalist in America" he did not say that Kraft "told me himself he was the most famous journalist in America." It is unfortunate that you chose to put that particular line on the cover of your magazine and attribute it to Mr. Kraft without checking its accuracy with me.

WILLIAM McPHERSON
Washington, D.C.

William McPherson is book editor of The Washington Post.

The author replies:

There are three things I regret about this article. One is that we could not think of a title and cover which better expressed the real meaning of the piece. ("The Most Famous Journalist in America" was the title; the cover was a picture of Kraft with the caption, " 'Joseph Kraft Is The Most Famous Journalist in America'—Joseph Kraft.") I remain convinced that lack of self-esteem is the least of Kraft's problems, but that was not the point I wanted to make, and it is obvious that the cover has deflected readers from what I considered the far more serious question to ask about Kraft. Second, I regret that William McPherson's recollection of our conversation differs from my own. His anecdote concerned two Middle East guides who told him, in identical phrases, that "the most famous journalist in America," Joseph Kraft, had visited their town. I reported the story according to my clear recollection of the way I heard it, including the "final twist" that Kraft himself was the one who had advertised his merits. My recollection remains the same. Moreover, unless Kraft had a midget public relations man riding along in the glove compartment, it is hard to imagine any other explanation for the story.

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My third regret is that the three boxes we published appeared to be one-sided. Although Richard Holbrooke and some of the other letter-writers evidently interpreted the boxes to mean that we were deliberately highlighting the material contained therein, that was not our intended meaning. If that had been our intention, we would have used the familiar, accepted device of repeating, in quotation marks, excerpts from the text whose importance we wanted to underscore. In isolating these three passages, our intention was to use "sidebars" for two of their classic purposes. The McPherson and Cockburn anecdotes were presented as semi-peripheral information we considered amusing and perhaps enlightening; the longer box, examining the connection between a columnist's special standing and the direction his writing took, was a theme we considered significant but somewhat off the track of the main article.

It is clear that this article has provoked an unusually hostile response, and as I have tried to understand why that is so, two explanations have come to mind. One is the nature of the Washington liberal-establishment club, of which Kraft and many of our correspondents are members, and which has been characterized by a reluctance to criticize one's friends. One of the points I tried hardest to develop in my article was the influence of this loose network of alliances on Kraft's own writing—how the mixture of genuine respect for friends and expedient concerns about sources kept him from criticizing some of Washington's more respectable figures. The same phenomenon lay behind the unusual deference with which the Washington press treated Richard Helms during the Watergate hearings. Part of that reaction undoubtedly grew from loyalty and respect, while part reflected editors' and columnists' practical concern about sources and contacts. Those motives, and others, created the unmistakable tone of, "You can't say that about Dick Helms in the press reports." The similar note, "You can't say that about Joe Kraft," which is so clear in letters like Walter Pincus', seems to reflect both a genuine love for one's friend and the club's practical notion that diminution of an influential associate is diminution of oneself.

The second explanation, related to the first but of far broader significance, is the way that criticizing someone has become equated with putting him down. The assumption in many of these letters is that I was out to get Kraft, to destroy him, to make my name as a writer by rubbing dirt on his. In honesty with myself, I have to confess that there were moments of malicious glee when I discovered evidence I thought would be embarrassing to Kraft, and that I—like, I believe, most other writers—felt some pride when I thought I had figured out what someone else was doing wrong. But in equal honesty I can say that the main purpose of the piece was not to "get" Kraft but to understand how someone of his talent and his prominence in the field could fall so short of expectations. I took some pains in the article to emphasize that Kraft *is* good, that, of the columnists writing today he is probably the best. Those were not hollow attempts at balance; they were, in my mind, the fundamental reason for writing about Kraft. When Walter Pincus throws those judgments back as if they rebutted anything else to be said about Kraft, he reveals exactly the attitude I find so dismaying: that one cannot criticize unless one is trying to condemn, that to raise a question about someone's performance is to deny that he has any worth at all, that the way to respond to criticism is with a similar attempt to destroy your enemy. I did not regard Kraft as an enemy; I regarded him as a columnist better than his competition but still grievously short of his own potential. My purpose was to try to *understand* the roots of his limitations, to point them out as forcefully as I could, but not to demean or ridicule Kraft. Perhaps I could have done more by way of understanding. As Anthony Lewis suggests, I might have applauded the effort to resist co-optation without wholly divorcing oneself from Washington. Kraft deserves more credit than I gave him for making this effort with Kissinger, even while he deserves to have it pointed out that with most other figures, including Bundy, Connally, Rehnquist, and Mills, he has represented co-optation at its extreme. I might also have demonstrated more awareness of why someone like Kraft would want so much to be a columnist—of the marvelous, liberating appeal that the personal platform of a column held for a writer starting out in the early fifties, when the other alternatives, Luce-journalism and the like, seemed so confining. In saying this, I am admitting that there is more I might have done to sympathize with Kraft, but everything I did say in the article was directed toward this goal: to understand, and criticize from that position of understanding, and have that criticism accepted as something other than an attack on the subject's personal worth.

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From Mickey Spillane to Erica Jong

by Larry McMurtry

Readers—I should probably say male readers—who passed through adolescence in the late 40s or early 50s might remember, perhaps with some affection, the following snatch of prose:

(Her fingers were sliding the zipper of her skirt. The zipper and the button. Then the skirt fell in a heap around her legs. Before she stepped out of it she pushed the half slip down. Slowly, so I could get the entire exotic effect. Then together, she pushed them away with a toe. Long, graceful, tanned legs. Gorgeous legs. Legs that were all curves and strength and made me see pictures that I shouldn't see anymore. Legs of a golden color that started from a flat stomach and rounded themselves into thighs that belonged more in the imagination than in reality. Beautiful calves. Heavier than those you see in the movies. Passionate legs. All that was left were the transparent panties. And she was a real blonde.)

The woman doing the strip is a murderess named Charlotte. The man watching her is Mike Hammer, the archetypal hard-boiled dick. Mike is pointing a .45 automatic at Charlotte, and a few paragraphs later, after she has removed the transparent panties and is walking forward to embrace him, he shoots her right in the stomach. Shortly thereafter, she dies, real blonde or no. The book, of course, is Mickey Spillane's, *I, the Jury*, first published in 1947 and now in its 63rd printing (6 million copies sold).

In several respects the passage is a curious one. It is almost as if one can see Mr. Spillane's never very agile brain in honest struggle with the fact that he is creating a fantasy, rather than describing an event. As he makes his way up and down Charlotte's legs, this becomes increasingly clear: her thighs belonged more in the imagination than in reality, and her calves were heavier than those you see in the movies. Curious that a professionally virile hard-boiled dick (the "boiled" in that phrase being not much more than 30s *politesse*) should be comparing a woman's calves to those seen in the movies. Still, when I first met this passage, sometime around 1950, these

Larry McMurtry is the author of The Last Picture Show.

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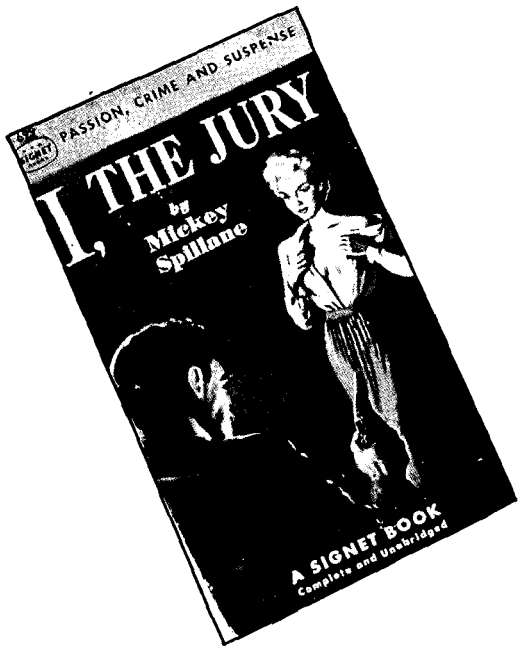

interesting ambiguities were lost on me, as they were on my friends. The memorable thing about the passage was that it contained a direct reference to pubic hair—such references were seldom to be met with on the newsstands of the day. Little we dreamed, in those lamb-white days, that within a scant 25 years pubic hair would take its place amid the cultural staples of America, and that pictures of it, on the pubes of both male and female, would be as common in drugstores as Kleenex and aspirin. Who would have imagined that Mary Updike, the mate of the novelist, would say publicly that reading her husband's novel *Couples* was like being smothered in pubic hair? Who would have dreamed that the poet, band-leader, and, more recently, trial reporter Ed Sanders, in the series of landmark catalogues issued in the 1960s from his Peace Eye Bookshop, would catalogue, along with Allen Ginsberg's cold cream jar and other literary novelties, a bag full of pubic hair gathered from leading poets at a reading in the East Village? (Among the poets who seem to have partially depiliated themselves at this time were Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan, Frank O'Hara, Aram Saroyan and LeRoi Jones.) Lastly, who would have supposed that one could visit a newsstand only two blocks from the White House, in search of *I, the Jury*, only to be told that none of the 6,000,000 copies were in stock? Instead, right there where *I, the Jury* should have been was a vividly illustrated magazine called *Snapping Pussy*, the very concept of which would have caused Mike Hammer to drop his gun and clutch his equipment.

In any case, my chagrin at not being able to find *I, the Jury* led me to another newsstand, and then another, and then to several bookshops. Before I knew it I had taken a kind of walking of the sexual revolution, or at least of the documents it has spawned. Frankly, I hadn't realized what a pass things had reached. By the time I started home from my tour I had roughly a car full of books (41, to be precise), of all sizes, weights, and degrees of kookiness. Most of these I have now read.

What follows is an attempt—necessarily sketchy—to describe the sexual

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climate, or perhaps one should say the sexual culture these books, in the broad, seem to be trying to promote.

In making this attempt, I followed a Dantean sequence, starting in the inferno of mass market hard and soft porn, the stewpot of fetishism and fantasy, and working rapidly upward through the purgatory of middlebrow advice manuals and counseling books to the empyrean realms of contemporary social science, where it can be seen that the technocrats, having subdued the earth and penetrated the stratosphere, are at last ready to bring their heavy instrumentation to bear upon human emotion and confusion. The sequence, however, may not matter. Whether one starts with the dildo manufacturers and vibrator merchants and works up to the sexual physiologists, or starts with the sexual physiologists and works down to *Snapping Pussy* may make little difference. In either sequence one finds oneself travelling through a society that is past the point of panic about its sexuality—a society filled with individuals most of whom no longer have the dimmest conception of how their sexual activity relates to or bears upon character.

That last term—character—is, of course, an old-fashioned word and an old-fashioned concept. It scarcely appears at all in the 41 books, or, for that matter, elsewhere: one seldom, nowadays, hears anyone described as "a person of character." The concept goes with an ideal of maturity, discipline, and integration that strongly implies repression: people of character, after all, cannot do just anything, and an ability to do just about anything with just about anyone—in the name, perhaps, of Human Potential—is certainly one of the most *moderne* abilities. Whether or not the old tyranny of repression is actually less healthy than the new tyranny of performance is one of the thornier questions contemporary sexual scientists have just begun to ask themselves.

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Avenging Mike Hammer

If one starts at the crudest fantasy level—that of mass market paperbacks—the first thing that is obvious is hard-boiled dicks aren't shooting women in the stomach much anymore. The women are doing the shooting now. The female superspy, whose visual prototype is probably Diana Rigg in her "Avengers" role, is proving deadlier than Mike Hammer ever thought of being. A number of the lady spies are flourishing: Cherry Delight is in her 17th adventure, Brandy French has completed eight or ten, and Eve Drum (the Lady from L.U.S.T.) is already in reprint. My favorite of this group, however, is the Baroness Penelope St-John Orsini, of the *Baroness* series. The Baroness looks much like Diana Rigg; if she existed she would be interviewed for *Interview* magazine by Andy Warhol and Fred Hughes. Her ultimate antecedent is Peter O'Donnell's *Modesty Blaise*, who carried two novels, a comic strip, and a movie before Mr.

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O'Donnell petered out. The Baroness far outdistances Modesty, and when she chooses to strip, as Charlotte did, it is the male who had better look to his navel. Witness the Spillanesque denouement to *Hard-Core Murder*, in which a naked Baroness confronts an evil little man named (appropriately) Sully, who, after having tried to use her in an obscene movie, is about to shoot her with a .45 caliber dildo until she foils him by tipping over his dune buggy:

"She took it (the dildo-gun) away from him almost gently. His little pig eyes looked up at her wordlessly. 'It's the End, Sully,' she said. 'This is the scene where you get killed by a naked broad.'

She put both hands around his neck and strangled him. The giant bra floated over him like a guardian angel."

Variants of this somewhat surrealistic scene occur in all the superlady books; and among the many things which the ladies are super at is, of course, sex. The Baroness could make it coming down in a parachute if she could find a fellow who could handle the altitude. In fact, in all of the thousands of cheap paperback sex novelettes published each year it would be hard to find a woman who was less than 100 percent effective, sexually. Sex only stops in pulp fiction when the wrung-out male is no longer, as it were, up to the grind.

Sex By Numbers

It is interesting, in view of this, to leap from the inferno of the sexual pulps to the presumed paradise of therapeutics, where one often encounters the same multiorgasmic, endlessly responsive woman. Dr. Seymour Fisher's 533 page, closely-printed book *The Female Orgasm* (1973), in a curious chapter called "Diverse and Negative Findings," reports with surprise that no one can confirm that hostile women are less responsive sexually than nonhostile women; Dr. Fisher adds, with open consternation, that sexual responsiveness in marriage cannot be correlated at all with dating history. Most fascinating to me, if tangential to the point I started to make, was a segment called "Number of Intercourse Positions." In a discussion of body boundaries and muscle awareness, Dr. Fisher says:

"Since it has also been shown in previous work that amount of awareness of one's muscles is relatively high in those with definite boundaries, it is interesting to note that in the one sample in which the Life Style Scale (Mackler and Shontz, 1964) (Appendix B) was administered, which measures how much each woman enjoys kinesthetic experiences (that is, those involving muscle sensations), a significant positive correlation was found between number of positions and Kinesthesia (r=.39, p. 01, Sample 2). Obviously, since variations in intercourse positions involve gross changes in muscular experience, one might expect that a woman who enjoys kinesthetic sensations would be particularly motivated to experiment with such positions. However, it must be added that the number of positions used was not consistently correlated with amount of participation, or interest in, athletics."

This is a long way from Simone de Beauvoir's famous statement (in *The Second Sex*) that female desire was the soft throbbing of a mollusk—one of the most poetic things ever said about desire, not to mention the sexiest thing ever said about a mollusk. Dr. Fisher seems to be saying that despite r=.39, p. 01, Sample 2 female jocks might still be reluctant to assume the arduous Indian-Tantrik position. This strange inconsistency goes against the grain of the any-woman-can attitude toward sexual training which, like it or not, cuts across all levels of theorizing today. The notion that some men or women can't is nowadays the most heretical of all notions—besides being a problem for the individual, it stands as an affront to scientific progress. What hubris, that the lonely, recalcitrant

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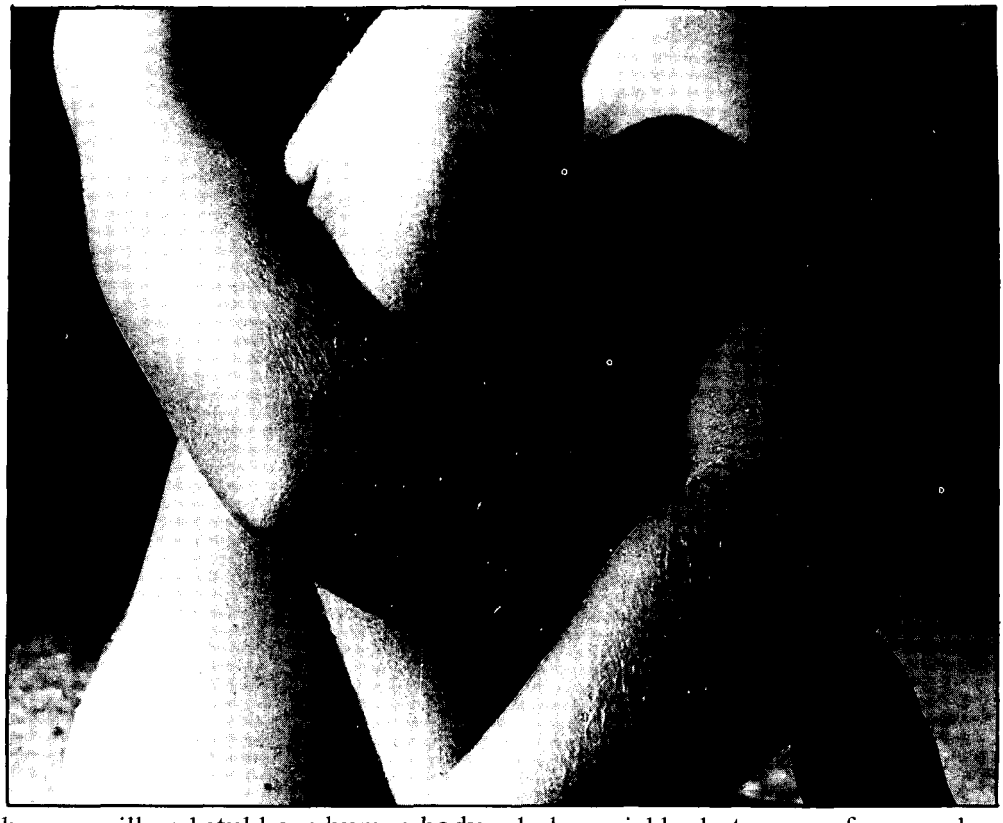

Jennifer Rima Beeston

human will and stubborn human body should team up and refuse to respond, after they have generously been given all the necessary data. Snobbishly, it is generally still assumed that it is women who really need this data; after all, sex is a garden they were not even supposed to want into until fairly recently. The principal novelty of a book like *Fear of Flying* is its suggestion that women too think about getting laid. That is certainly a modest novelty; only a stupid or frightened society would have supposed that they didn't. *Fear of Flying* at least deals with sexual fantasy in a spirited, energetic way, and not many books do even that much.*

It is odd that, in a time when so much of human behavior has been investigated, the nature and function of fantasy has received so little intelligent attention. As a novelist, I have often been surprised at the hunger in readers for useful or appealing fantasy material. I don't usually think that the lives my characters lead are particularly enviable, but many of my readers seem to wish that they could be living exactly the lives my characters lead. The rapidity with which they incorporate the books into their own fantasy-constructs is very interesting. What few seem to have observed is that, purely in terms of sex, many people in our society are in a position to realize what ten or fifteen years ago would have seemed highly extravagant fantasies. The gates to the secret garden have been unlocked—those who like to do it in groups can find groups to do it in, and those with more baroque tastes can probably satisfy them. How does this effect the coloration of

*The Kronhausens dealt with it rather superficially, before they de-emphasized writing in order to make blue movies and emcee sex fairs. Their book is called Erotic Fantasies. The same subject has been treated even more crudely in My Secret Garden, compiled by Nancy Friday. The most obvious thing to be learned from these books and the few others like them is the extent to which sado-masochistic fantasies dominate both the men and the women who can be persuaded to talk about their fantasy life.

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present-day fantasy? What, indeed, are the splendours and miseries of *realized* fantasy in general? Is realized fantasy the very definition of happiness, or is it as dangerous as answered prayers? Does responsibility begin in fantasy, or is fantasy our only escape from it? These and all the other questions one might ask about fantasy are questions to which the sexologists have so far offered no answers.

Therapy Shopping

To walk into any well-stocked bookshop today is to be hit in the face with the realization that our society feels itself in desperate need of therapy. In five minutes I was able to acquire books on Vitamin Therapy, Bio-feedback Therapy, Exercise Therapy, Massage Therapy, Reality Therapy, Primal Scream Therapy, Feminism as Therapy, Male Liberation as Therapy, Dream Therapy, and, finally, an enchanting book called *When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*, in which the teacher, Dr. Manuel J. Smith, informs us that he offered members of his "Systematic Assertive Therapy" class $20 each if within 30 seconds they "could command an erection or engorged vaginal tissue." (He didn't say if any could.)

To say that, read in the aggregate, these therapies are off-putting, is to understate. Far from making one want to run forth and get cured, they encourage one to snuggle deeper into neurosis, for at least neurosis is personal. There is a rather capitalistic vigor and brusqueness about all these books; they are the shop manuals of the psychoindustrial revolution. They aim at smoother production: less confused and more professional relationships; orgasms one after the other and one like another, rolling off an efficiently functioning psychosexual assembly line. On the trash level, in books like *For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality*, *Hot and Cool Sex*, *Bisexual Living*, *Intimate Feedback*, and *The Total Woman*, this is often laughable. Consider this Dick and Jane exercise from *For Yourself*:

"When it is the partner's turn to be explored the illustrations in Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response* could be used as a guide. His genitals could be examined visually, using sufficient light; the presence or absence of an erection makes no difference as far as carrying out the exam goes, but an erection might change your partner's perception of the touching since some areas of the penis might be more sensitive when it is erect. Which areas are most pleasurable when touched? The right side? The left side? The midline on the bottom side?. . . talk about what it was like to be explored. What did you learn from the experience?"

Or the hopeful "Sticky Fingers" exercise from *Intimate Feedback*:

"This simple exercise is intended to recapture the innocence of childhood. . . . The experience consists of eating a normal meal—but only using one's fingers. Notice how revolting it first feels to plunge your hand into your gravy or fried egg, then see how quickly it does not seem to matter anymore. Try feeding one another. Be aware of different textures and temperatures. Talk about it with one another."

But all therapies are hardly stuck on this Goo-Goo level. The behaviorist debate now going on between B.F.

Answers to April puzzle:

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Skinner and his disciples and Neal Miller and his is highly technical, but Gerald Jonas' book about Miller (*Visceral Learning*, 1973) certainly makes it seem that behavioral engineering is something future generations will have to cope with. If rats can be taught to blush in one ear at a time, what might humans be taught to do? What might humans be made to feel through Drug Therapy, which is already a reality? The institutionalizations of *Brave New World* and *1984* are no longer at all remote; both the methods and the pressures that could produce them now exist. The pressures that now center around sexuality have cracked individual after individual; the spectacle is made all the sadder because in so many cases defeat slipped in the backdoor while everyone was standing in the front yard waiting for victory to come round the turn.

Any Man Can't

It is obvious from this literature (and from much else) that one of the great, half-suppressed secrets of all time—the rich sexuality of women—is finally out. It was always there, a steady undercurrent in literature, explicit in visual satire, but always half-denied, not least by women, perhaps in the interest of male peace of mind. Any woman can, can, can; some men can, can (maybe), (maybe) can. This psychic and anatomic dramatism—the ideally unlimited female potential, the distinct and limited male—makes for a very great play, perhaps the one great play that gives us comedy and tragedy in equal measure, and of equal quality.

One need not doubt the sincerity of the many current-day therapies and therapists to feel that the tragicomedy of sex will still be running when they are all forgotten. All the therapies seem to me to aim at a professionalization of the emotions—we are a dreadfully professional country—; but emotion, like art, continues to defy professionalization. Confusion endures, and the more one reads in the literature that is attempting to eliminate it, the fonder of it one grows. Among its resources, after all, may be deep feeling; it is even possible that deep feeling is intrinsically confusing. Behavioral engineering, low grade or high grade, may smooth, but it smooths without deepening. Some of the tragedy may have been ameliorated, and a great deal of the comedy has certainly been solemnized, but so far most of the sexual therapists have been no clearer about their basic principles than most humans are able to be.

Our Lady of the Laboratory

Whether the scientists are more intelligent in their goals also remains to be seen. It is obvious from even a cursory reading of these books that sex is being asked to bear a weight in our society that it can't hope to bear, and that it will break down time after time. Secure in our science, with our increasing understanding of physiological and psychological mechanisms, we have nonetheless raised an essentially masturbatory sexual ideal and hung ourselves with it, an ideal centered on accessibility, multiplicity, and variety rather than character, continuity, and commitment. The psychoanalyst Leslie Farber analyzed this ideal brilliantly almost a decade ago; he describes a "Lady of the Laboratory" who could just as well be today, a "Gentleman of the Laboratory"; a person who, once plugged into a set of stimuli, goes chugging along to orgasm, whether under lights, in groups, or alone, in total disconnection from societal context or emotive circumstance. This lady or gentleman now appears across the whole spectrum of our literature, from the Baroness books to Portnoy's Monkey. I am not so much bothered by the amorality of the fantasy as by its thinness; what a tacky, third-rate jerk-off. It is sex without background, yet this fantasy—the fantasy of the Perfect One Night Stand—animates hundreds of novels, some films, and

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not a little cool sexology. Is it a psychic guard against the possibility of failure in involvement?

It is greatly to the credit of Masters and Johnson that they have published a book with the word Bond in the title (*The Pleasure Bond*, 1975). Their book contrasts nicely with the many titles suggestive of no tie, from *The Sensuous Woman* to *Joy* and *More Joy of Sex*, those twin gold mines belonging to Dr. Alex Comfort. One suspects that the two *Joys* have sold like they have because of the delicate line drawings by Charles Raymond and Christopher Foss. With group and public sex so much in the news* I was particularly curious to hear what Dr. Comfort would have to say about it, and at once found this passage on watching other people make love:

". . . it's a good way to learn about sexual behaviour. Most of the people who have written about sexuality never saw a couple making love—probably not even Sigmund Freud; it wasn't his scene. It's a heavy thought. How many books about football, telling you exactly how you should play it, have been written by people who never saw a game?"

Dr. Comfort's analogy seems somehow suspect, though it may well be that if lovers could make ready use of instant replay some mishaps and inconveniences could be avoided. Unhappily, Dr. Comfort is not the first Britisher to have his brains baked in Southern California. His books are interesting to me here only because he is well in the vanguard of what is a serious if still rather subtle attack on privacy. This attack is very general, and hardly confined to sexologists. A respect for the private is dying out in our culture and an active dislike and covert suspicion of it is growing. Specifically, at the moment, the rather confused belief that *sharing* is *growing* is widespread in therapeutic literature. That sharing can just as easily lead to shrinkage is an undemocratic suggestion. The sharing industry is already well established, and it will not be long before someone suggests that sexual privacy is neurotic; indeed, books like *More Joy* and *Bisexual Living* imply that now.

*So much, indeed, that even the stalwart Mr. James Reston was reported as saying that going to an embassy party was like making love in public. What can he have meant? How can he know? Since the one embassy party I ever got to was only like being bored in public, I am at a loss to speculate, though I do recall a moment or two of end-of-The-Day-of-The-Locust-like frenzy when the ropes were removed from in front of the caviar.

Hit Parade

There have been, recently, some interesting changes in sexual vocabulary. The most provocative, perhaps, is that what used to be called "scoring" is now more commonly called "hitting." It was men who once "scored" on women—a term more than likely derived from contemporary sport. Now one more and more hears of women "hitting" on men, a term rather suggestive of falconry. With the women's movement still more or less in its vengeance stage, we may be experiencing a reemergence of the dynamic of medieval allegory, in which the women were queens and the men pigeons.

In a fascinating book called *Sinema*, Kenneth Turan and Stephen F. Zito interview a number of pornographic filmmakers, stars as well as producers and directors. The book gives us perhaps the best look yet at the professionalization of sex in America—far more revealing than puff-jobs like *The Happy Hooker*. It reveals, as all these books do, even the most sincerely therapeutic, the extent to which sex has become business in America. John C. Holmes, the male porno star who can come within ten seconds when the director yells "Come!", and Linda Lovelace, who, in learning to conquer her own gagging reflex, became the most celebrated fallatrice since Cleopatra, are, verily, the Lady and Gentleman of the Laboratory of whom Leslie Farber wrote. They are the visible embodiments of the fantasy of ecstasy with-

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out involvement, and the effects they and their colleagues are having on our culture deserve more attention than they have had. We have, after all, outdone the Swedes in mass marketing pornography. Where traditionally it had been either crude and cheap (for the ignorant young) or exquisite and expensive (for the jaded and presumably wealthy old) it has become merely matter-of-fact, priced to the pocketbook of the middle-class supermarket customer and indistinguishable in its packaging from the million other commodities of our culture. Yet its very existence on a mass scale speaks of gnawing lacks and makes mock of liberation. Why, now that repressive pressures have been lifted, have these lacks not diminished? Why, instead, have they increased? Why this constant need for vicarious stimulation? Why the growing obsession with sexual display (which is not the same as sexual play)? Why hasn't our knowledge increased our power or deepened our satisfaction or, at the very least, given us a sense of humor? It is clear that sex in America is being drained of content faster than the fun-and-frolic merchants can pile books in the newsstands; faster than porno cineastes can thread projectors or swingers strip in California or scientists properly graph strawberry spread during the plateau stage. Why?

I certainly don't know, but perhaps Masters and Johnson do. Of all the experts, they are the sanest and most humane, and they insist again and again upon the value of context and background in sexual life. Dr. Comfort and a number of his imitators make clear what an interference children are to those who are really into sex. Masters and Johnson are almost alone in suggesting that familial health and humor can be aphrorather than anaphrodisiac. Homes and families scarcely exist in contemporary sexual literature, so clearly are they assumed to be anti-erotic; instead we have laboratories, seminar rooms, singles bars, whirlpool baths, and copulatoria on the order of the famous Sandstone in Los Angeles; on the whole, a sexual environment not unlike that of *A Clockwork Orange* with still a thick carpet of sadomasochism as its fantasy base.

The Art of Loving

The final arrogance of contemporary sexual science is its belief that love can be understood through its processes; or, to put it differently, that love is somehow historically progressive. But love, like art, is not progressive, and for all its information science still can't write a good sonnet or mate two people. When we face another person we are as much on our own as were the Elizabethans, as were the Greeks. Even time and experience do not necessarily make one wise in love; aged lovers can be just as confused as those fifty years their juniors.

Teaching love is not, as Dr. Comfort suggests, like coaching football. If it can be said to be like anything, it is like teaching writing or music or painting. Small skills can be taught, but there still remains the problem of intelligence, of compassion, of largeness of heart, without which the skills cannot be made to matter. Relating makes the same requirements of informed concern, and involves the same commitment of spirit and time, all just as essential background. What happens in the foreground may always be helter-skelter, but without some fullness of background, some texture and some context, it won't matter how precise the scientists are able to be about where to put what, and when; there will still be feeling to put, and it's a perennially awkward parcel to handle. Unless we know our lovers well enough to give and receive some help with it, we'll end up right back in our tacky fantasy, Charlotte and Mike undressing together, both of them with guns in their hands this time, and, given the terms they have adopted, neither of them likely to survive long enough to find out if the pubic hair is real, or just a merkin. ■

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A Shopper's Guide To the Sexual Revolution

Advice to a Young Wife from An Old Mistress. Michael Drury, ed. Doubleday, 1968.
Though evidently aimed at the readers of *Glamour* magazine, this book is well written and interesting. Whoever wrote it at least delivered the fruits of an authentic experience.

Between Myth and Morning: Women Awakening. Elizabeth Janeway. Morrow, 1974.
A very good book.

Bisexual Living. Julius Fast, Hal Wells. Evans, 1974.
"Bill shakes his head at the memory. 'It got pretty wild. At one point I was on Lisa's breast and Sue was on her other, and Lisa was on one of Sue's breasts and Sue's other breast was empty! So I look at Marty and say, 'Why don't you join in? There's one tit doing nothing.' " (page 37) A representative passage. If accurate, it would appear that bisexual living is ideal for the unweaned.

Creative Dreaming. Patricia Garfield. Simon & Schuster, 1974.

Fear of Flying. Erica Jong. Signet, 1973.

The Female Imagination. Patricia M. Spacks. Knopf, 1973.

The Female Orgasm. Seymour Fisher. Basic Books, 1973.

Feminism as Therapy. Anica V. Mander, Anne K. Rush. Random House, 1974.

For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality. Lonnie G. Barbach. Doubleday, 1975.

Hard Core Murder, the Baroness Number 4. Paul Kenyon. Pocket Books, 1974.

Hot and Cool Sex. Robert T. Francoeur, Anna K. Francoeur. Harcourt, 1974.
The Francoeurs attempt the kind of cultural criticism Miss Figes attempts, only they fail at it.

Hot Strip Tease. Goeffrey Gorer. Cresset Press, 1937.
Mr. Gorer was brilliantly prescient. His book describes almost everything that has happened in American culture since he wrote it.

I, The Jury. Mickey Spillane. Dutton, 1947.

Kiss My Assassin, The Lady from L.U.S.T. Number 7. Rod Gray. Tower, 1968.

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The Joy of Sex; More Joy. Alex Comfort, ed. Crown, 1973, 1975.
To do him justice, these books show Dr. Comfort at his worst. He is to be found at his best in an excellent book called *Darwin and the Naked Lady*, his essays on biology and art.

The Liberated Man. Warren Farrell. Random House, 1974.

Love and Death. Gershon Legman. 1949.
Still the classic critique of our popular culture.

The Male Machine. Mark Feigen Fasteau. 1974.

Male Sexual Performance. Sam Julty. Grosset & Dunlap, 1975.

Men's Liberation: A New Definition of Masculinity. Jack Nichols. Penguin, 1975.

My Life with Xaviera. Larry, "The Silver Fox." Warner, 1974.
A euphoric memoir.

My Secret Garden: Women's Sexual Fantasies. Nancy Friday. Pocket Books, 1974.

Naked Nomads: Unmarried Men in America. George Gilder. Quadrangle, 1974.

New Mind, New Body—BioFeedback: New Directions for the Mind. Barbara B. Brown. Harper & Row, 1975.
An excellent introduction to bio-feedback, by one of its pioneers. The chapter on "Blood Vessels and Social Tension" is worth the price of the book.

Open Marriage. George and Nena O'Neill. Avon, 1972.

Patriarchal Attitudes. Eve Figes. Fawcett, 1970.
An excellent book.

The Pleasure Bond. William H. Masters, Virginia E. Johnson. Little, Brown, 1974.

The Prime of Ms. America. Janet Harris. Putnam, 1974.

Psychofraud and Ethical Therapy. John David Garcia. Whitmore, 1974.

The Psychology of Sex Differences. E.E. Maccoby, Carol N. Jacklin. Stanford, 1974.
A monumental work; it gathers almost everything that is and is not known about sex differences.

Reality Therapy. William Glasser. Harper & Row, 1965.

Sex and Power in History. Amaury de Riencourt. McKay, 1974.

Sinema. Kenneth Turan, Stephen F. Zito. Praeger, 1974.

Thunder La Boom. Anne Steinhardt. Signet, 1974.

The Total Woman. Marabel Morgan. Revell, 1973.
Adopts the odd position that men are perfect.

Vaginal Politics. Ellen Frankfort. Bantam, 1973.

Virility 8: A Celebration of the American Male. Max Gunther. Playboy Press, 1975.
A hilarious if somewhat panicky attempt to assure us that we're still the greatest.

Visceral Learning. Gerald Jonas. Viking, 1973.

The Ways of the Will. Leslie Farber. Harper.

When I Say No, I Feel Guilty. Manuel J. Smith. Dial, 1975.

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Congress v. Kissinger: The New Equalizers

by Frederick Poole

Over the years every member of the U.S. Foreign Service, imbued with the notion that foreign policy is implemented by this self-proclaimed elite corps, has had to face up in unusually wrenching ways to our role in Indochina. Some have supported the war policies and been happy to carry them out; some have managed to restrict their work to other regions of the world; many privately argue that they can be most effective as good soldiers quietly pressing their views from within American embassies, the State Department, or the National Security Council. But there have been others who have felt compelled to leave the Service. A small but significant number of those who did resign came back to Washington to fight their former masters from the Hill.

It is not too much to say that behind every significant congressional initiative in foreign policy since the war turned sour there has been a former member of the Foreign Service. Acting as legislative assistants or committee staffers, they have drafted legislation, prepared policy statements and speeches, and disseminated information that successive administrations have tried to suppress. They have worked on the ABM fight, the Cooper-Church and Church-Case amendments, the war powers legislation, and such current initiatives as the denial of military assistance to Turkey, the cutting of further funds for Vietnam and Cambodia, and the intense probing of the CIA, the FBI, and the rest of the nation's intelligence apparatus.

Former FSOs have become highly visible in the offices of senators and representatives and on committee staffs. There is a body of expertise on the Hill that did not exist when the war was first seriously questioned, and a network has been established. Any FSO wondering whether this might be the moment to switch sides now has precedent behind him. He knows exactly who to call to find out where the action is taking place and what congressman might need assistance.

High on the list of those to be contacted in the Hill's FSO network are the two men who set the pattern. One is William G. Miller, now a staff director of Senator Frank Church's Select Committee on Intelligence, previously legislative assistant to Senator John Sherman Cooper in the years of the ABM fight and the Cooper-Church legislation, and then, when Cooper left the Senate, legislative assistant to Senator Charles McC. Mathias, and staff director of the Senate Special Committee on the Termination of the National Emergency. The other is Albert A. ("Peter") Lakeland, Jr., who has been the top foreign policy man on Senator Jacob K. Javits' staff for the past eight years. Most of the FSOs on the Hill arrived after the Cambodian incursion of 1970; Bill Miller and Peter Lakeland have been there since 1967.

Although both came to the Hill in

Frederick Poole is writing a book about American ambassadors.

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May 1967, Miller and Lakeland knew each other only in passing when they were FSOs. And their reasons for leaving the Foreign Service were different enough to encompass the reasons of the 20 or so FSOs who were to follow them.

To Bill Miller—who now, with the select committee, has what is considered the plum staff position on the Hill, and whose name is always the first to come up when other staffers are asked who among their ranks is the most effective—there was nothing basically wrong with his life in the Foreign Service. It was simply that he found he could not be a party, even peripherally, to what was going on in Vietnam.

Like most FSOs who later went to the Hill, he was at the top of his class in the Foreign Service and had what he describes as "the best possible jobs," beginning with Iran, which was "everything one could hope for." At the time of his resignation he was back in Washington with State's Senior Interdepartmental Group, an ambitious attempt begun in 1966 to coordinate all branches of the nation's foreign policy machinery.

Although fully occupied on substantive matters himself, Miller felt that "inevitably in the long run there would be less and less challenge." Cooper, who had just gone on the Foreign Relations Committee, was looking for a foreign affairs legislative assistant, and sought Miller out.

Lakeland's reasons for leaving were also mixed, though he, more than Miller, was generally dissatisfied with the Foreign Service. His area of expertise was the Far East, "and I was disillusioned watching how Vietnam distorted the work of the entire Asian bureau, the coup and counter-coup in Indonesia being an example. Here was a country of vastly greater significance, but because of Vietnam it was put on the back burner. And it was because of Vietnam that there was a freeze on our policy toward the China mainland. . . ."

Lakeland had put up with considerable nonsense. He was the India desk officer when, ten days before the 1965 India-Pakistan war, a supervisor wrote in his "efficiency report" that Lakeland was "making life difficult for the bureau. Mr. Lakeland's usefulness is somewhat hindered by his sounding the dangers of an India-Pakistan war." The disturbing sequel was that no one on the promotion panel seemed to notice that the war he had predicted actually did take place. It was time to think of leaving. When the offer came from Javits, he had little trouble making up his mind.

The close relationship between Lakeland and Miller grew rapidly. "Javits and Cooper sat beside each other in the Senate and on the Foreign Relations Committee, and Bill and I sat beside each other on the staff couch on the Senate floor." They were seated together when it all began, the first major congressional initiative—the fight on ABM. One day in the spring of 1969, when Senator Henry Jackson was on the floor presenting the military construction budget, Miller and Lakeland, watching from the staffers' couch, noted that this new weapons system Jackson was praising was going to be passed simply because the military and Jackson were for it. Together they scribbled the wording for a measure to stop funds for the construction of ABM. Miller took it over to Cooper, who liked it and offered it on the spot as an amendment. The battle was on.

Cooper, who, with Miller at his side, remained the prime mover, would eventually lose his fight against the ABM, but only technically. After the final, close, pro-ABM vote, Senator Barry Goldwater, among the most vocal ABM proponents, came up to Miller, shook his hand, and offered congratulations. With the kind of opposition that had been arrayed against ABM, Goldwater pointed out, the Administration would never go ahead with the plan as originally conceived. Goldwater was so impressed with Miller's effectiveness as an adversary that when Barry Gold-

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Diana H. Walker

Peter Lakeland

water Jr. was elected to Congress, the elder Goldwater suggested that he hire Miller as his administrative assistant.

"No other liberal foreign affairs legislative assistant has ever been able to operate that way," the staffer who related the story says. "Miller's the only one on our side who can just walk up and chat with Goldwater, the only one with that kind of respect." The staffer, also an ex-FSO, talks about Miller fondly as "the Godfather" of all those who came to the Hill later from the Foreign Service.

The most important thing about the lengthy ABM fight was the precedents it established. During the extensive hearings held before the Foreign Relations Committee, what Lakeland calls "the elite of the military scientific community" defected from the military course. "These scientists testified against ABM and also met privately in senators' offices over lunch. We discovered for the first time that we could outgun the Administration. We also discovered that these were issues we could deal with, that the Pentagon invents jargon to obscure its case, but actually the argument is about public policy decisions. And we had the weight of the best expert opinion on our side." Since that time the scientific-elite approach has had few spectacular victories, but it remains an important element in reassertion of congressional power.

Soon after the ABM fight the Miller-Lakeland partnership was bolstered by new recruits from the Foreign Service—John D. Marks, for instance, who, after serving in Vietnam, had quit State's Bureau of Intelligence and Research in outrage over Cambodia; and Thomas A. Dine, a former Peace Corps official who had become a personal aide to Ambassador Chester Bowles in India. Dine had considered making his full career in the Foreign Service, particularly because of his fascination with India, but had come to the realization he "could not serve faithfully," even in India, while the war was going on. Marks, co-author with Victor Marchetti of last year's best-selling *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* and now a full-time anti-CIA gadfly for the Center for National Security Studies, spent his time on the Hill as an aide to Senator Clifford Case. Dine, currently at Harvard's Kennedy Insti-

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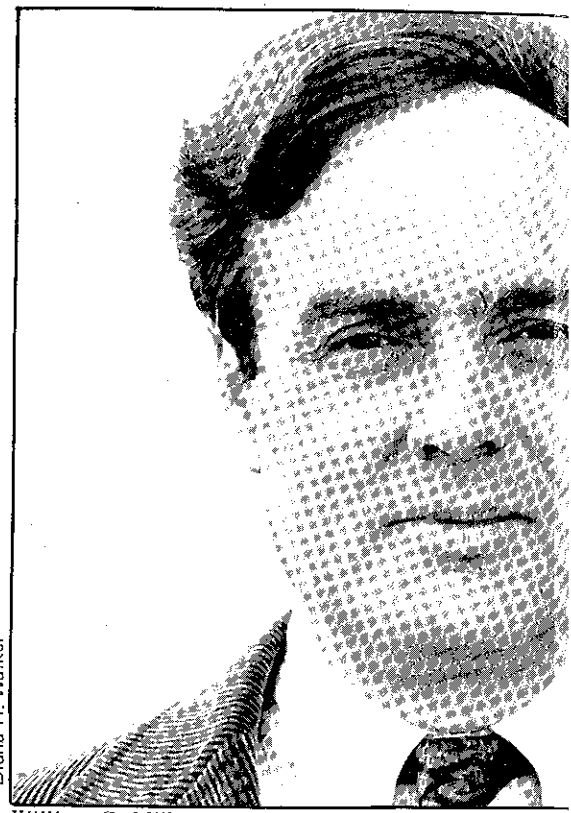
tute of Politics, felt when he came back from India that his most effective possible contribution would be to fight the "Vandenberg bi-partisan castration" from which the Senate suffered. After a brief stint with Senator Alan Cranston, he became foreign affairs legislative assistant to Church.

Marks and Dine were working closely with each other and with Miller and Lakeland when in June of 1973 the Senate passed the Church-Case amendment setting a cut-off point to the American bombing of Cambodia. Later, Dine joined with Miller on the special committee set up to straighten out the tangle of emergency powers legislation that had built up over the years. When he left the special committee last autumn to go to Harvard, among the guest speakers he brought up to Cambridge to address his seminar were Miller, Marks, Brian Atwood—a former embassy administrative officer who became legislative assistant for Senator Thomas Eagleton, and Jerome Levinson, a former assistant director of AID in Brazil who is now counsel for the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations.



Diana H. Walker

William G. Miller

Fighting Over War

Back in 1970, the Senate's bid to play a role in foreign policy decisions still centered on Indochina. With the Cooper-Church legislation—which prohibited U.S. ground troops being used in Laos, Thailand, and Cambodia—out of the way, the fight shifted to the War Powers bill, directed by Javits. Up to this point, the foreign policy efforts had all worked through the Senate's appropriation power. But Javits and others were coming to see the dangers of relying on riders to appropriations bills, since there was the ever-present possibility of a presidential veto. With the War Powers bill, a group of senators which eventually included the usually-hawkish John Stennis began to approach the problem on the basis of Congress' legal power to declare war. Javits' War Powers bill attempted to delineate the specific emergencies in which the President could use armed force and to require the President to report to Congress within 48 hours and obtain consent within, at most, 90 days.

It took three and a half years for the War Powers bill to finally get through both houses, overriding a Nixon veto. But to Lakeland, as important as the passage of the bill was what happened in the time between introduction and passage.

Lakeland was charged with compiling the witness list for the critical hearings held by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the bill in 1971. The hearings became a sort of national forum: the country's leading constitutional legal experts and historians came to Washington to testify in the bill's favor. It gave the bill's supporters strength from expertise. "When we went to the floor," Lake-

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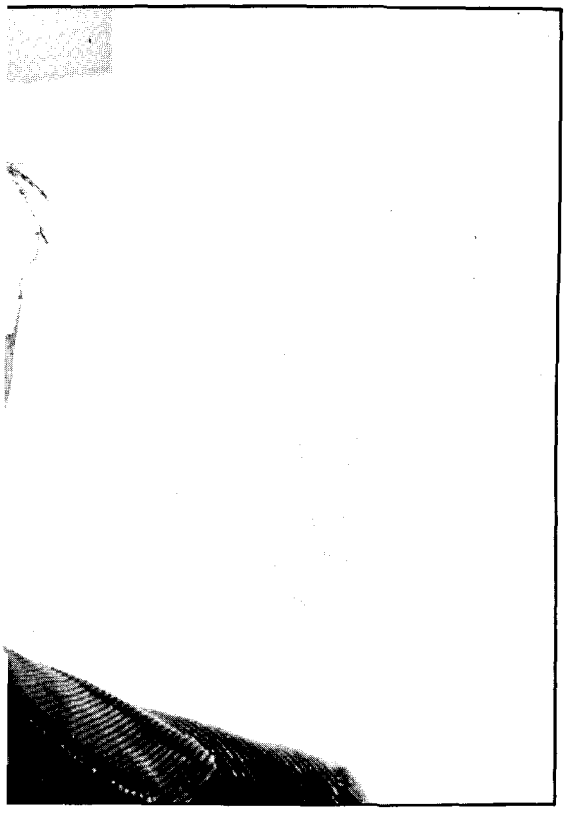

land says, "we could outgun the Administration. . . . If you looked on this as a biblical dispute, you could say we had the Bible on our side."

This technique, the use of expertise to restore the balance between the White House and the Hill, has been an essential part of the efforts of the FSOs who have defected. To some extent they themselves have been supplying the expertise because, for the first time, a substantial number of men who know the foreign affairs machinery of the executive branch from the inside have been at the command of the legislative branch. But expertise means information, and it is a common lament that the legislative branch simply does not have the resources of information of the executive at its command. One of the most important ways to even the score is to go out and gather information from the field.

For some years the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has been sending out field investigators. Most people familiar with its work agree that, from the standpoint of bringing in information, the committee's finest hour was the time these investigations were handled by two ex-FSOs, men who had learned political reporting within the Foreign Service and now were given what amounted to a completely free hand.

Non-Innocents Abroad

For four years, the full committee and Senator Stuart Symington's Foreign Relations Subcommittee on U.S. Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad were kept abreast of what the U.S. government was doing overseas by the team of Richard M. Moose, a former National Security Council staffer, who is still making forays abroad for the senators as a committee consultant, and James G. Lowenstein, who last year returned to the State Department as Deputy Assistant Secretary for European Affairs.

During these years their cables went directly to the committee and subcommittee—as opposed to Foreign Service reporting which must be approved by a long string of superiors in embassies and the Washington bureaucracy before reaching men in policy-making positions. The cables and the longer reports that Moose and Lowenstein wrote when their trips were over provided the senators with a steady stream of fresh, undiluted information.

In at least one case, the discovery in 1973 that the bombing of Cambodia was being controlled from the U. S. Embassy in Phnom Penh, their reports had an immediate effect on Senate deliberations. Moose believes it was their expose of the embassy's direct role in ordering B-52 and F-111 bomber strikes that convinced the senators "this was Vietnam and Laos all over again"—which was basically why they voted for the Church-Case amendment to halt the bombing.

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In April of 1973, two months before the passage of Church-Case, Moose and Lowenstein went to Cambodia for a first-hand look into the embassy's role. "At that time," Moose says, "we had no idea the embassy was at the center of air operations." But they were suspicious because, according to Moose, they felt they had been given the run-around when they had asked questions at the Pentagon and at Seventh Air Force Headquarters in Thailand.

On April 5, just in from Thailand, they presented themselves at the embassy in Phnom Penh and were given what Moose calls "a cursory briefing by a colonel who was the air attache." While revealing nothing about the bombing missions, the colonel did hint vaguely that the embassy was playing a small role as go-between for the Cambodian government and the Seventh Air Force. When they asked for a more detailed briefing, he said he would have to get permission from senior embassy officials.

While waiting for the colonel to get permission, Moose and Lowenstein stopped by the local UPI office, where they found the resident correspondent, Sylvana Foa (an American who was soon to be expelled from the country), listening with an ear plug to a small transistor radio. "She looked puzzled," Moose recalls. "She passed over the earplug and said, 'Listen to this and tell me what you think of it.

I immediately recognized the terminology. F-111 pilots and controllers were speaking to each other." There were references to "the embassy." It was so clear that what he was hearing were bombers being directed from the embassy itself that he and Lowenstein quickly got a message off to Symington telling him about it. They then confronted the Ambassador, Emory C. Swank, who refused to confirm what they had heard.

Late that night, when they were having trouble sleeping because the beds were shaking and the walls rattling from the impact of American bombs outside the city, an embassy driver appeared carrying a lantern and a note that said Senator Symington was waiting to speak to them on the telephone. Symington had been in touch with Secretary of State William P. Rogers, who insisted that he had no idea what Moose and Lowenstein were talking about.

As Moose has since reconstructed it, Rogers may well have been ignorant of the embassy's role. It was a tightly held secret known, of course, to Ambassador Swank and to his Deputy Chief of Mission, Thomas O. Enders—an arrangement probably worked out with General Alexander Haig (while Haig was Kissinger's deputy on the National Security Council), the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Seventh Air Force in Thailand. After talking with Moose and Lowenstein, Symington again called Rogers, who immediately dispatched two FSOs to the Pentagon to demand an explanation.

In the meantime the Senate investigators were still having problems in Phnom Penh. They were not allowed to move around the chancery building except with a Marine guard, and parts of the building were declared off-limits to them.

For the next week, embassy personnel continued to give them vague statements, including, towards the end of the week, one in writing from Enders that Moose remembers as "extraordinarily inaccurate and deliberately misleading." It was not until April 12, after Rogers had uncovered what was going on from the Washington end, that Enders said he had new instructions from Washington authorizing him to give them the details of the embassy's involvement and take them on a "walk-through" of the Air Attache's operations center, where targets were being plotted. The final decisions on targets, as Moose and Lowenstein reported to the committee, were supposed to be made by Enders.

Moose feels there is something,

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though not very much, to be said for this procedure, which had been established in January 1973. That was the time that Lon Nol had made a cease-fire offer, and Moose believes that the U.S. government may have felt that firm policy control was essential, so that the military would not do anything to damage the chances for a cease-fire.

"But as the cease-fire faded, the system was turned around and made a tool for making the bombing more effective," Moose says. "Then they felt they had to hide it—and they damn near succeeded."

On another occasion, Moose and Lowenstein were the first to report that we were using B-52s to bomb Laos, which forced an Administration admission that such bombing was in fact taking place. That report was part of their continuing focus on Indochina, which began when they teamed up for a trip to Vietnam in December of 1969. In the spring of 1970, just after the incursion, they were in Cambodia, and returned again that winter, when they also went to the colonels' Greece. The next spring they were in Laos; in early 1972 they went to Thailand, Laos and Cambodia; in May of that year they were in Vietnam; in the autumn they were in Korea and the Philippines; the following spring they were in Laos and Vietnam as well as Thailand and Cambodia; in the autumn of 1973 they were in Europe

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looking into security arrangements. Since Lowenstein's departure, Moose has made more trips to Vietnam and also Indonesia and the Philippines.

A Completely Unique Experience

Moose, who worked under both Walt Rostow and Henry Kissinger on the National Security Council, had first gone to the Hill in 1966 on an American Political Science Association Congressional Fellowship—a program under which promising younger men from the executive branch departments spend a year working in a legislator's office.

He first worked with Rep. Morris K. Udall, and it was while assisting Udall that Moose had what he now describes as a revelation. He was asked to write a routine report, and when he sat down at the typewriter he found he began to think of what was expected of him. Then he suddenly realized that this report, unlike those he had written in the Foreign Service, had to please no one but the Congressman; he was expected only to write what he truly thought and felt, not what some superior already considered the acceptable view. There was, of course, another, less attractive difference: the legislator who received his report lacked the bureaucrat's ability to mandate a change in policy. While the former FSOs can get their reports straight to the top much more easily on the Hill than in the State Department, what happens after that depends on how successfully the senator or representative can exert his influence. Some legislators have used the reports to generate public pressure through the press; others have tried to take them back to the bureaucracy and persuade officials who are not really aware of how their policies are being implemented (as with Rogers and Cambodia); still others have used the reports to help get votes for legislation.

From Udall's office, Moose moved to the office of the Foreign Relations Committee Chairman, Senator J. W. Fulbright. Then, with the fellowship year over, he moved back to the NSC as an assistant to Rostow. There his main responsibilities were Vietnam and press relations, and he quickly realized he would have to leave because of Rostow's unflinching position on Vietnam. His next stop was a study financed by the Ford Foundation on decision-making in national security affairs. That led to his meeting with Kissinger and his return to the NSC staff. After a few more months at the NSC, sensing the same dissatisfaction with the war policies, he decided to go full time with the Foreign Relations Committee.

Letters from the Field

Moose's experience in the State Department followed what seems to be a general rule accepted by most of the defectors—the higher you go within the government, the less seriously you take the work of FSOs in the field. Like some others who defected later from the NSC, he went away with the feeling that little attention was paid to reports from FSOs, often including ambassadors. He decided that the Foreign Service would not give him the effectiveness he sought in foreign affairs. He also saw how great the need was for increasing the information flow to Congress if Congress were ever to rise from its supine posture in foreign policy.

Lowenstein, who resigned back in 1965 on the grounds that, between the Navy and the Foreign Service, he had spent eight and a half years in virtually constant transit, says emphatically that "information is power." He has pointed out to numerous panels that the legislative branch can send representatives abroad who can have access to the same sources of information as the executive branch. They can look and listen in the same way as diplomats and intelligence officials. They can send classified messages through the same channels to their employers as can executive branch officials. Moose adds that too

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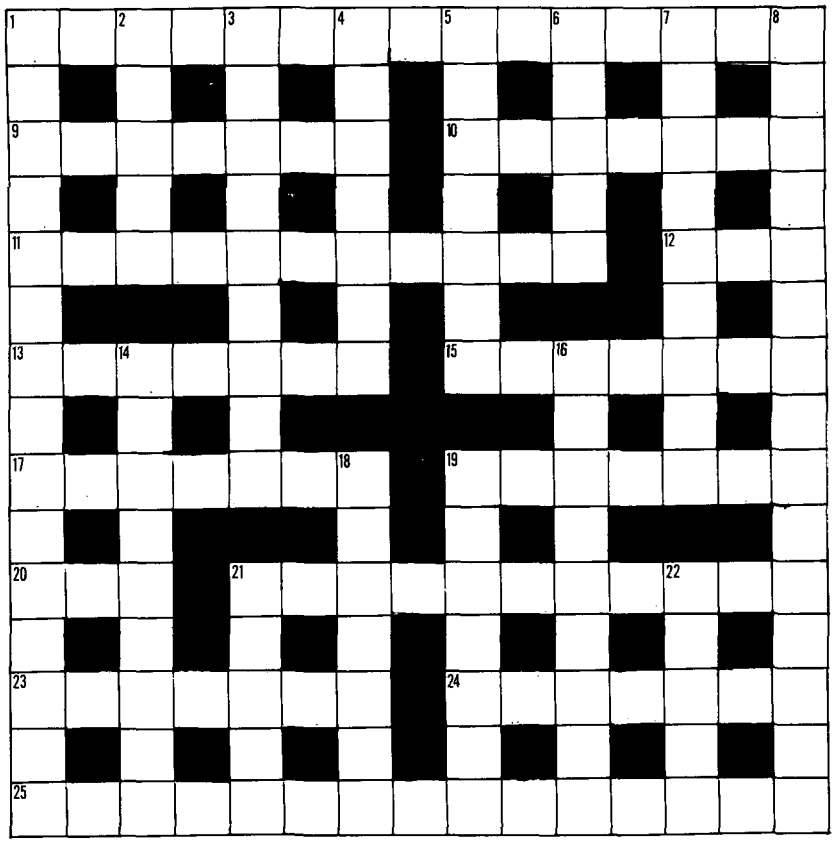
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. They come ahead of welfare in Washington. (6,9)
9. Use this oil to tune gun. (7)
10. Underwater tennis player? (7)
11. Put in between what law enforcers consumed? (11)
12. One of the signs found in Nile origins. (3)
13. Stagery make hardest to perceive. (7)
15. What Nixon left unfinished. (3,4)
17. When it's marked-up, don't eat! (7)
19. At the Ritz, 50 in a box. (7)
20. Employ musers without a wife. (3)
21. M. Angel Reach mixed-up before DeGaulle. (11)
23. Nothing back in passes gives author names. (2,5)
24. Plan in favor of weight? (7)
25. Sam Erwin, for instance. (5,10)

Down

1. They come ahead of development in Washington. (7,3,5)
2. A groat or how they say it. (5)
3. Throne tie in China or Japan. (3,6)
4. Broken statue with nothing inside goes to Sans Souci. (4,3)
5. If sun heal upset, let go. (7)
6. Get author out of lab with ease. (5)
7. Brain power in cell up in S.E. Asian holiday. (9)
8. Clearly not a broad-gauged person. (6-6,3)
14. Real trade for Parke or Bernet. (3,6)
16. Get bromo list from island. . . (9)
18. . . . in body of water that gives dad ease. (4,3)
19. Music for lay cops. (7)
21. Something to wrap around a lead pipe? (5)
22. Decorated food in vinegar. Nice! (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 17.

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much of the information senators receive is random, coming from an administration making its case, or from newspapers, or by picking up anecdotal material. What he and Lowenstein were doing, he says, was "pulling together a comprehensive and objective picture that suited the senators' particular needs. . . . No one else will do it for them." Lowenstein places particular emphasis on the need to make predictions in reporting to give it meaning. They did so themselves in early 1970, at a time the Administration was claiming that Vietnam was nearly settled, when they wrote that the war appeared "to be not only far from won but far from over." Both agree, however, that the Senate has not made sufficient use of all the information, particularly the daily field reports, that it has received from the committee's field men.

On the House side, ex-FSOs are especially prominent on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, which each year handles the authorization bill for all foreign military and economic assistance. J. Chapman Chester, who had been Deputy Chief of Mission in Malawi, resigned from the Foreign Service in 1970 to work for Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, whom he had served three years earlier as a Congressional Fellow, and is now working for the full committee, concentrating on foreign aid. Robert B. Boettcher left the Foreign Service in 1971 and now works for Representative Donald M. Fraser as staff director of Fraser's Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on International Organizations and Movements, an area in which he had worked in the State Department. The staff director of the Subcommittee on Europe is Clifford P. Hackett, a former USIA officer and also a former Congressional Fellow.

Chester says he made the move to the Hill because he felt when he turned 40 that it was time to think of a change in direction. He is so happy in the informal atmosphere of the House, where people shout out at each other between rooms and use first names, that he finds it difficult to picture himself again in the staid, silent corridors of State. Boettcher and Hackett stress that it was Vietnam that was behind their decisions, Boettcher on the basis of what he saw in Vietnam, Hackett because of conclusions he arrived at gradually after President Johnson announced that the success or failure of USIA would depend upon its performance in Vietnam, where ten per cent of the agency's 1,600 officers were placed.

Not everyone in the ex-FSO network agrees about its significance. All comment that the executive branch will, in general, always have the initiative in foreign policy, and that the expertise assembled on the Hill will never equal that at the command of the executive. There have been at times disagreements within the network: Eagleton voted against the Javits War Powers bill on grounds it was not sufficiently binding, and his legislative assistant, Brian Atwood, still feels it might have unintentionally strengthened the position of future presidents by leaving them too many options.

But Congress, after a prolonged delay, did manage to turn around an Administration's war policies. Tom Dine speaks emotionally of how the key to this change was the network itself. Since Miller and Lakeland left the Foreign Service, a dozen anti-war senators have added ex-FSOs to their staffs. Each year more FSOs are getting exposure to the Senate and House as Congressional Fellows and each year more and more are changing their allegiance to congressional staffs.

And this expertise continues to be bolstered by the information flow into Congress. In April, while Ford and Kissinger were complaining that their hands were tied on Vietnam and Cambodia, as Lon Nol went into exile and the South Vietnamese were abandoning their territory, Dick Moose was again on his way to Saigon. ■

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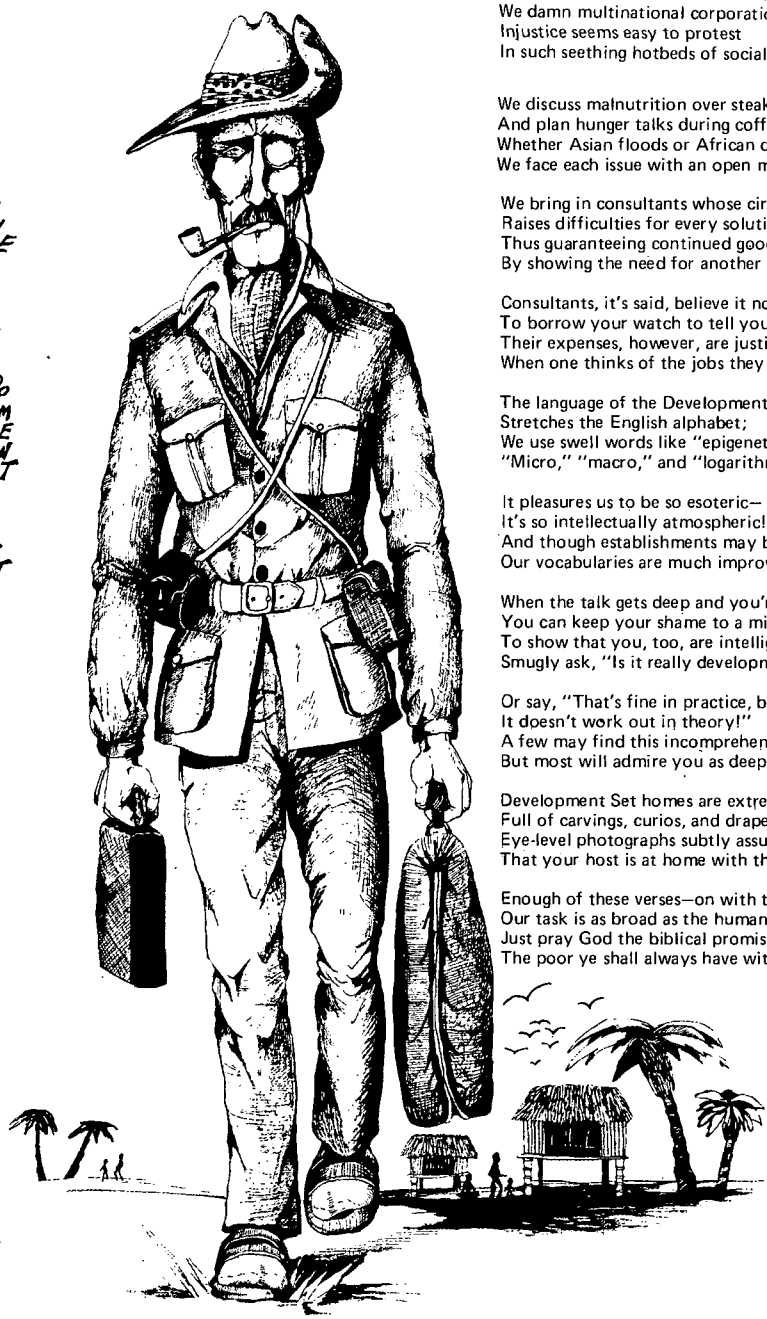
THE DEVELOPMENT SET

Excuse me, friends, I must catch my jet—
I'm off to join the Development Set;
My bags are packed, and I've had all my shots,
I have traveller's checks and pills for the trots.

The Development Set is bright and noble,
Our thoughts are deep and our vision global;
Although we move with the better classes,
Our thoughts are always with the masses.



In Sheraton Hotels in scattered nations
We damn multinational corporations;
Injustice seems easy to protest
In such seething hotbeds of social rest.

We discuss malnutrition over steaks
And plan hunger talks during coffee breaks.
Whether Asian floods or African drouth,
We face each issue with an open mouth.

We bring in consultants whose circumlocution
Raises difficulties for every solution—
Thus guaranteeing continued good eating
By showing the need for another meeting.

Consultants, it's said, believe it no crime
To borrow your watch to tell you the time.
Their expenses, however, are justified
When one thinks of the jobs they might later provide.

The language of the Development Set
Stretches the English alphabet;
We use swell words like "epigenetic,"
"Micro," "macro," and "logarithmetic."

It pleasures us to be so esoteric—
It's so intellectually atmospheric!
And though establishments may be unmoved,
Our vocabularies are much improved.

When the talk gets deep and you're feeling dumb
You can keep your shame to a minimum:
To show that you, too, are intelligent
Smugly ask, "Is it really development?"

Or say, "That's fine in practice, but don't you see:
It doesn't work out in theory!"
A few may find this incomprehensible,
But most will admire you as deep and sensible.

Development Set homes are extremely chic,
Full of carvings, curios, and draped with batik.
Eye-level photographs subtly assure
That your host is at home with the great and the poor.

Enough of these verses—on with the mission!
Our task is as broad as the human condition!
Just pray God the biblical promise is true:
The poor ye shall always have with you.

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Tidbits

Anchors Aweigh

The new edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships* reports that the Soviet Submarine fleet now consists of 297 vessels compared to our 117. But take heart, we have a clear lead in aircraft carriers with 14 in active service, five in reserve, and three nuclear carriers under construction. The Russians must tremble as they contemplate the next Battle of Midway.

It may be that a replay of Pearl Harbor is more likely, since we're planning to base all ten of our 16,000-ton Trident submarines in Puget Sound near Bangor, Washington.

While common sense would seem to suggest that our best deterrent would be many small, hard-to-detect submarines widely dispersed through the world, we're moving in exactly the opposite direction—concentrating a small number of the huge Trident subs in one place. This is the same strategic brilliance that had eight battleships based together in Hawaii in early December, 1941. Giant subs do, however, offer the advantage of a lot more prestigious command slots for admirals and captains and one Puget Sound base will make Navy social life just as convenient as it was at Pearl.

Leadership Training

Last month in this space we wrote about Harold L. Hering, an Air Force major facing discharge for questioning procedures in ordering the launching of nuclear-tipped missles. Sheila Rule of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* has since reported that Senator Stuart Symington has asked the Air Force about the case.

'Welcome To Your New Assignment To Push The Nuclear Button, Major — I Know You Won't Ask Silly Questions'

The 38-year-old Hering faces dismissal for raising questions about nuclear safeguards during his training as a launching officer. He had sought assurance that there would be protective procedures to prevent "an irrational act, however remote," by a president.

Air Force Secretary John L. McLucas responded to Symington by claiming that Air Force policy stipulates that no one has an inherent right to continued service as an officer.

"It is a privilege which may be terminated when such action is determined to be in the best interest of the service," McLucas wrote.

On March 29, 1974, the letter noted, action had been initiated against Hering, who "expressed moral and mental reservations against performing missile duty, and doubted his ability to launch nuclear weapons without greater knowledge and assurance of national command authority procedures."

The Secretary's response prompted the *Post-Dispatch* cartoon above by Engelhardt.

What Price Glory

In his new book, *Breach of Faith—The Fall of Richard Nixon*, to be published this month, Theodore H. White tells a classic tale of the bureaucrat's intense desire to remain ignorant of anything that might compel him to resign for reasons of conscience from his $36,000-a-year government job. After White House speech-writer Raymond Price found out from the fatal CIA-FBI tape that Nixon had lied in assuring him that no approach had been made to the CIA, he said, "The President had done me a favor by deceiving me. It meant that I'd been able to write for him honestly."

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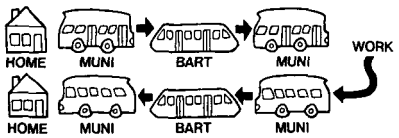
and Outrages

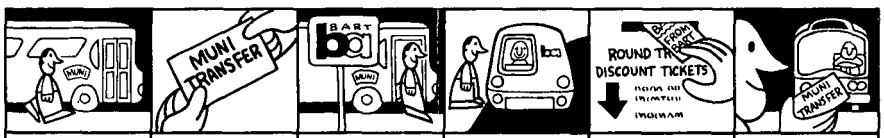
I'd Rather Walk

Bay Area Rapid Transit, having gained a reputation for its computerized trains that continue in motion after the tracks have ended, now appears to be trying to protect potential passengers from this hazard. Indeed, it may be that if would-be riders have no other source of information than BART's new leaflet, "How to Use Muni Discount Tickets," there may be no passengers at all aboard as the trains plunge off the end of the line.

If your trip involves a MUNI ride to a BART station, a BART ride, and then another MUNI ride, you can save 25c on your MUNI fare by using round trip discount tickets.



Your first day going to work . . .



1. Pay regular 25c MUNI fare.	2. Get a regular MUNI transfer as you board.	3. Exit at the BART station.	4. Ride BART with a regular BART ticket.	5. As you leave the BART station buy a two-part round trip Discount Ticket at the special white machine. Keep it until your return trip.	6. Continue your trip on MUNI with your regular MUNI transfer.

And returning home . . .

7. Separate the Discount Ticket into two parts at the perforated line. Show MUNI driver the TO-BART Discount Ticket . . .	8. . . . and deposit it in the DISCOUNT TICKET box on the MUNI. Keep the FROM-BART ticket and ask for a regular MUNI transfer.	9. Ride BART with a regular BART ticket.	10. As you leave the BART station, insert the FROM-BART ticket into the Direction Changer machine.	11. Your FROM-BART ticket is now changed to a TO-BART ticket and is good for up to 72 hours. Keep it for your next trip.	12. Continue your trip home with your regular MUNI TRANSFER.

Second day . . .

13. Show MUNI driver the return TO-BART ticket instead of 25c fare.

14. . . . Deposit it in the DISCOUNT TICKET box on the MUNI, ask driver for a regular MUNI transfer and you're ready to begin the MUNI Discount Ticket process over again.

What's News?

Stephen Isaacs of *The Washington Post* wrote an excellent series of articles in March that revealed to the general public—for the first time insofar as we are aware—the Capitol Hill custom of using committee staff positions as disguises for additional staff for individual senators and congressmen. The problem this presents is that what appears at first glance to be adequate staff for the Agriculture Committee turns out to be two guys doing the substantive work of the committee, and 20 pursuing the special interests of their individual patrons. Now this is not at all shocking to members of the Washington press. They have always known it. They just didn't report it. The problem for the public is that journalists all too often assume that what other journalists know is not news.

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more Tidbits

Having a Wonderful Time, Wish You Were Here!

Wonder what American officials in Vietnam were thinking right before the fall of DaNang? Here is the bulk of a (genuine, only the names have been changed) letter from an employee of the United States Agency for International Development stationed in Saigon, dated March 11:

Shortly after my return, we finally moved to USAID II! Delays of a couple of months in the schedule, but made it by mid-August. Much nicer quarters and location. I ended up with a nice little office, carpeted, etc. next to ADCCA with windows looking over the yard and entrance and shaded by the trees. Didn't realize how crummy (the best word to use here) was USAID III until after the move. Some aspects of it were comical. While I handled the overall coordination, when it came to space allocation, I just tried to see that each division received about the same amount of square footage on a per capita basis, and let each Assistant Director decide how he would use it. Passing the buck nicely. I remember how much time and worry you had spent on that and so was looking for an easier way. Brother Art Mason came out with an office the same size as mine (about 120 sq. feet), but located in the middle of CDI (cap. dev. and industry as it was named after you left). This made him very unhappy and he tried to get located on the first floor close to ADCCA instead of the ground floor with the industry boys.

When I returned I found the office in the midst of preparing IRRs on about nine capital projects for FY 75 presentation (total about $240 million) (Congress authorized four for $38 million). After that was completed we prepared four CAPs at the same time (rural credit $60 million, industrial credit $40 million, Saigon Export Processing Zone $5 million and low lift pump irrigation $6 million). By the time that was completed, into preparing the documents for FY 76 program (now in place of IRR, two separate papers are needed to get the item into the Congressional Presentation), begun. Without knowing what Congress would do to us in FY 75, we requested 14 projects totaling about $260 million! That exercise was completed by January 30 (Sam Saunders was out here for seven weeks, but put him off in the corner for a while), and with a few days breather to cut up on some other things—and now the Damm Congressmen.

On December 3 Brad Howe left for well-deserved retirement; on December 4 Ken Barone (ADCCA now) left for TDY to AID/W to present the four CAPs, and on December 5 Van Horn, acting-ADCCA, asked me to be acting assistant director for CDI until Barone's return. In a few minutes Siegel was in Van's office screaming; then Eddie Jackson, and then Mason. To no avail as Van had cleared it with the front office. Suddenly here I am, an R-4 special assistant to ADCCA and not even a part of CDI being temporary boss of seven U.S. with five of them outranking me. And right in the middle of both the PBS exercise, preparation of the 14 documents for 76 capital projects, etc. Great fun. Brad left at a good time. Haven't worked so hard since I joined AID. Lot of fun actually since I knew the program fairly well and all the people quite well. Since we haven't yet obtained a replacement for Brad, I'm still on the job as acting AD-CDI as well as any other jobs that are thrown my way. Am slowly bringing some order out of the shop, but it's difficult. One of the first things was to cut back on a lot of marginal activities and concentrate on a few things we might be able to do well (killed a tourism study, efforts to help handicraft center, etc.). . .

[I] . . . was looking at a SOFIDIV loan that came over this week for our approval. The funniest one I've ever read—the owners of USAID III want to borrow VN$500 million to convert the building into an international hotel! And in the second stage of their program, to establish international hotels at 16/1 Hoang Dieu (up the alley from 259 complex) and 36 Ter Cach Mang (up the alley from Cach Mang where Duk's bar is

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and Outrages

located). The latter two are former USAID-rented apartment buildings, of course. The calculations, the marketing projections (tourism will increase from 96,000 in 1974 to 125,000 in 1975 to 400,000 in 1976!) analysis would give you a great laugh if it wasn't tragic that the damm bank approved the loan. I do think that if NEDF doesn't turn this one down, USAID will for the first time reject one.

The agency is going through a major RIF which is being mishandled in every way possible. This is on time of the USAID's continuing reduction in staff (down to about 200 at the end of this FY). The names finally came out Monday. Neil Anders and Eddie Jackson are the only two in CDI. Neil could retire and was expecting it; Eddie can't retire and his was unexpected by everybody. Several engineers that you don't know are being RIFed. The ones in CIP are "L" whose time limited appointments just weren't renewed. Joe Falcone survived termination of his appointment by postponing actions for many months while filing about five grievances (several were valid for the personnel people mishandled every aspect of his case), and is being transferred to Haiti as C.D. officer there. Ben Wyle is going to Abijan. Jim Fisher is expecting and hoping to go to ROCAP (in Guatemala) for a tour that will set him up for retirement. Jeff Brinks finally got out of Washington by going over to Cambodia. Also George Milner out of AID/W by going to Korea.

Nothing happened over the visit of the Congressmen (women). Never saw them; USAID didn't exist for them. A bit of work preparing a briefing book for nothing... but not quite. For last Thursday the Director indicated that for the coming meeting of the IBRD team this week, he wanted some sector analysis papers prepared. We had been working on one for agriculture for about three months... now he wanted ones on industry, infrastructure, commodities and resettlement within six days. Fortunately the material I had prepared for the congressmen came in handy... along with bits and pieces I had worked up for other purposes... so with luck all of it will be typed in final tomorrow. Will try to swipe a copy for you after it's finished.

Remember how a couple of years ago, AID/W tried to apply capital development to the highway program. I wish now we had listened to them. Last fall the ADCCA wanted a strategy paper prepared on this program (now have $52 million DOD money). The highway boys tried, but it ended up as only "why we need another $100 million exercise." It took me a couple of months to get that tied down. The numbers shifted every day. Obligation alone was by five ProAgs with about 15 PIO/Ts, over 20 amendments to the ProAgs alone. I didn't even try to count the amendments to the PIOs. It was a mess. Nobody knew exactly what we had; everybody had different numbers, etc. But by using the T.A. documentation system, we really complicated the hell out of the program. It's a full time job for one engineer and a couple of locals to just try to keep on top of the obligating documents. Of the $52 million, about $20 million is under contract now and about $8 million disbursed. Be finished by about FY 77 if DOD doesn't give us more money.

By the way, Lang will be retiring this summer. We had to reduce our local staff by one and someone else had been picked out to be RIFed. But all locals were brought under the Civil Service retirement system last year, and Lang now age 51 with about 23 years service, can retire if his position is abolished. With his permission I did just that. Now only 7½ years to go for me. By the way the freeze on promotions is still on. Just no way I can make R-3. But with unemployment so high in the U.S. I shouldn't complain.

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What the Republican Party Means To Me

by Arthur Levine

In January, the state Republican chairmen were meeting in Chicago, and Mary Louise Smith was doing her best to cheer them up. They had just learned from a specially commissioned poll that only 18 per cent of the American voters viewed themselves as Republicans. This hurt their feelings. It also hurt to learn that most of their fellow Americans considered the party incompetent, corrupt, and uncaring about the problems of the average person. Everything was going against them—Nixon, Ford, the recession—but Mary Louise Smith told them: "I am proud to be a Republican, I know you're proud to be Republicans, millions of Americans are proud to be Republicans, and there's no need to sulk in the shadow of 1974." Lately, other Republicans have been echoing this inspirational chorus. A young Republican National Committee (RNC) staffer asserts, "People shouldn't be ashamed to be Republicans." Governor Rockefeller tells party leaders, as he gazes out over a luncheon crowd, his heart swelling with emotion, "One can't help having two feelings, and I am sure we all share them. One is proud to be Republicans and the other is proud to be Americans." The listeners at these meetings wear buttons that say, "We're out to win!" and they're quick to applaud those who tell them the Good Word about the Republican Party.

All these efforts at verbal uplift seem, in the most grotesque, distorted way, like the early days of the black pride movement. Yes, there is something familiar about the constant need for reaffirmation in the morale-boost-

Arthur Levine is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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ing presentations at these Republican gatherings. One thinks of Jesse Jackson and his followers chanting I AM SOMEBODY, the spirit and energy of an oppressed people determined to prove themselves. Mary Louise Smith, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, is no funky soul lady crying, "Say it loud, I'm a Republican and I'm proud!" but there is a special lilt in her voice when she tells visitors, "The signs are encouraging. We're rallying the troops!"

As chairman she is out to rebuild the party—and is placing her faith in an advertising campaign and a voter registration drive. Her approach tells something about how the party got in its current fix and why it's having such trouble recovering, for there is a vacuousness to these appeals that suggests that party leaders are not quite sure what—if anything—the GOP should stand for. They believe that virtually anyone is a potential convert to the Republican Party, if only he (or she—they are up on things at the RNC) can be shown that the GOP *cares* about them, and that those nasty myths about Republicans just aren't true. The RNC is placing its faith in technical expertise with an emphasis on voter registration, direct mail, research, polling, and computers, plus piles of money to hire campaign experts. Amid all this activity, the only people really concerned about such outdated notions as philosophy or issues are the party's conservatives, and their ideas for an ideologically distinct party have that special Kamikaze flavor which proved so unsuccessful in 1964. For the rest of the party, the emphasis is now on "telling our story" (the kind of catch-phrase

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which caused one congressman to lament, "We've never been good at slogans") rather than on deciding where the party should stand.

Fly Me, I'm Republican

So at the Republican National Committee, everyone talks about the "nuts-and-bolts" matters of party politics. Late in the fall campaign, the party took to running five-minute commercials aimed at staving off defeat. There was no talk about issues or party philosophy, just man-in-the-street interviews about the virtues of a two-party system. The clear implication was to vote Republican in order to prevent the collapse of the party and the beginning of the tyranny of a one-party state. Viewers were also reminded that it was the Republican Party that abolished slavery, a telling argument against those who dared to attack the party's record on more recent domestic policy. Finally, the commercials asked this poignant question: "When has being a Republican been easy?"

Undaunted, the party is pressing ahead with plans to spend a half-million dollars on three prime-time TV specials scheduled for airing in May, June, and July—a scaled-down version of a $2-million campaign proposed last year. A filmed presentation about the series was unveiled at the January meeting of state chairmen, with the narrator proclaiming, "We feel this program can be a rallying point, a way of enthusing and inspiring Republicans and Independents all over the country!"

The shows are being billed as a "magazine of the air." The January preview illustrates what sort of competition *Rhoda* and *All in the Family* are up against. The presentation promised that "each program will have a provocative opening to grab the audience's attention. After the program titles, there will be a look at recent news events from the Republican point of view, followed by a special film which will present a significant accomplishment by a Republican. . . ." The pilot's provocative opening was an eye-grabbing shot of President Ford announcing his energy program as the narrator intoned, "For President Ford, it is a time of real testing. . . ." In the pilot, viewers are promised a chance to see such luminaries as Bart Starr explain why they're Republicans and to "listen to a lively dialogue between a Republican official and members of the general public."

Perhaps the most important part of the television special is the section showing successful Republicans doing something worthwhile and legal. The RNC has the task of finding three such people who could offset the negative images that many ill-informed Americans have about Republicans. For the pilot show, they chose Gov. Bob Ray of Iowa, who is introduced as a man who "has been putting Republican principles to work on the state level—and getting results." Ray then delivers his message: "We believe in the free enterprise system, we believe in the individual and the rights of the individual—these are very sacred principles. I think it's important that if people believe [in these principles], then they have to believe in the Republican Party."

What the programs sell, of course, is image, image, image. For one thing, they are designed to correct the distorted impression the American public has about Republicans, who, many believe, spend most of their time walking in and out of courtrooms.

Another misconception the Republicans are anxiously trying to dispel is the belief that they are the party of the rich and big business. One young Republican staff member proudly brandished poll results to disprove this myth. The nation-wide poll showed that more families earning over $35,000 were Democrats than Republicans. More business executives were Democrats as well. Viewed another way, of course, the statistics show that the GOP has sunk to such a degree that even a majority

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RNC Photo

Mary Louise Smith

of the party's traditional supporters have taken to the lifeboats.

The emphasis on image rather than content is typical of the other tactics the Republicans are using in their endless quest to "broaden the party's base." A voter identification and registration drive is planned for late 1975. This recruiting effort is considered important for the future of the party, but it is being conducted with all the purposeful drive and political awareness of a Girl Scout cookie sale. The first priority, logically enough, will be to get unregistered Republicans on the voter rolls, and, after that, to get independents to register as Republicans. They will target areas where they feel they'll get the most sympathetic response. "But we will have an effort to broaden our base to reach into neighborhoods that have never seen a Republican," says press officer Bill Royal.

As they embark into uncharted territories, however, no one at the national committee seems to have a clear idea of what it is they're selling. At best, they hope to benefit from "lines of communication" being opened up with such alien beings as blacks, young people, and white ethnics. The RNC has set up a special voters division under Iowa Republican Joe Gaylord to reach these groups. Gaylord himself disproves another myth about Republicans: that they have no sense of humor. At the meeting of state chairmen, he got off this rib-tickler: "When some of my associates in Iowa found out I was going to the national committee to direct a program for special voter groups, they likened that to Ted Kennedy opening up a driver education school."

Beginning a dialogue between different portions of the community and the local Republican Party is no small problem. As Gaylord explains it: "What happens when a candidate says, 'I have a great many Spanish-speaking people in my district, and I don't even *know* any Spanish-speaking people.

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What can I do?' " For the shy, tongue-tied Republican, uncomfortable around people with funny accents or strange costumes, Gaylord has some answers. His division will aid local parties in identifying influential leaders, forming Republican community groups, and conducting direct mailings. "The Republican Party can reach out to those in the barrios of East L.A. and the ghettos of Chicago because they've been taken for granted by the Democrats," he says. On the other hand, the Republicans, Gaylord implies, offer the minority group member a chance to stand out in the crowd as someone special, part of a very select group. Not everyone has what it takes to be a black Republican.

The emphasis on voter registration is a bit unusual for Republicans. Traditionally, they've prayed for low voter turnouts, banking on their stalwarts' higher level of participation. They've led the opposition to such instant-democracy devices as postcard registration, fearful of the prospect of barely-literate minorities voting a straight Democratic ticket. If there is any logic at all to the Republicans' eager new registration drives, it may lie in the frail hope that the new voter will be grateful to the party for helping him register and remember it fondly the first time he votes. "What we will be doing is demonstrating our concern for people," Gaylord says. The Republicans are trying to be selective about who they get to register, but in some areas—like black neighborhoods or college campuses—it won't be easy. Ed Fuelner, the executive director of the conservative House Republican Study Committee, says, "I come from the suburbs of Chicago and the last thing I'd want to do is register voters. We're outnumbered, and *en masse* registering is not going to help us."

To avoid some of the worst hazards and still satisfy their need for warm bodies, the Republicans are trying to follow their pollsters' advice to concentrate on the under-35 crowd. "The Democrats haven't built a majority with young people," says Gaylord. "They're available for us."

The Pepsi Generation

Cathy Bertini, 24, is in charge of the youth division, and with her braces and her heart-shaped pendant that says CATHY, she looks like she's just out of high school. Her priority is working-class youth, the two-thirds of those under 35 who have never been to college. She's devising programs that she believes will arouse intense interest. To reach cynical, alienated youth, Bertini is planning for local Republican organizations to contact youth groups like the Boy Scouts, YMCA, and student councils to set up seminars on "how the system works." Unfortunately, membership in youth groups like the Boy Scouts tends to drop off sharply at about age 14 and student councils never had much credibility with the alienated, particularly in working-class neighborhoods.

After trying to snare working-class youth with seminars at the YMCA, the Republicans will try to reach out to the campus and the disaffected remnants of the counter-culture. Again, the emphasis is on emergency image-repair. Young staffers are doing their best to play down the party's "square" image with some groovy turn-ons like an orange poster featuring two dancing elephants, topped by the words, "Get it on! Join the Republican Party." Cathy Bertini is seeking more publicity to highlight the party's youth-oriented accomplishments. For example, she says, "I bet most young people don't know that Norman Lent, a Republican congressman from New York, has been leading the fight to allow John Lennon to stay in the country." What she forgot to mention is that it is also a Republican administration that is leading the fight to deport him. Nevertheless, the Lennon case is symbolic of the kind of transcendent issue that Bertini hopes will cause mass conversions to the Republican Party. What's

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interesting here is that the GOP is going after two types of youth—working-class and college kids—with lame appeals unlikely to attract either one. They might be better off assigning a greater priority to registration drives in nursing homes.

A similar bewilderment about purpose, a similar lack of substance, afflicts those party organizations, like the National Republican Ukranian Nationalities Federation, designed to reach white ethnics. Richard Nixon made significant inroads with these ethnic groups in 1972, although his later publicized references to "thick-necked mick" and "that wop judge" were not well received in some quarters. In many ways, the party's "heritage division," which oversees 32 different varieties of auxiliary groups, acts as if it were still back in the 1950s. While many ethnics are being ravaged by the economy, the heritage division remains content to sponsor such festivities as folk dances and annual salutes to Lithuanian Independence Day. The division's coordinator, Colonel John Niemczyk, seriously believes that this kind of appeal will swing the ethnic vote, even though the time is past when Republicans could promise to liberate the Captive Nations.

The heritage division is probably most energetic in its efforts to celebrate the accomplishments of any "ethnic" Republican—that is, anyone whose last name is less Anglicized than "Smith" or "Jones." In its post-election newsletter, for example, the heritage division proudly announced that, despite the Republican rout, the party's six (count them) ethnic congressmen were reelected. There are more ethnic Democrats than that from New York alone. The GOP's continuing difficulties with these groups are symbolized by the heritage division's inability to come up with more than six ethnics, among all the Beards, Browns, Cranes, Johnsons, Millers, and Robinsons who comprise the Republicans' congressional contingent.

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To provide a further illustration of the gulf between the Republicans' Elks-Club type efforts to attract new members and their fundamental confusion about why anyone would join the party, there is the RNC's efforts to attract black Republicans. The RNC's ranking black official, John Wilkes, announces firmly, "We are going to demonstrate a concern for the kinds of problems that the people in the black community have." Like what? "I don't know if I'm in a position at this point to isolate issues. We can't just shoot from the hip." Actually, Wilkes and other officials are arguing that the party's main selling point in Democratic areas is the mere fact that it offers an alternative—and only a pallid one at that. For example, a black Republican from Maryland told me that his strategy was to "hit hard at the issues." To prove his point, he cited his opposition to the Ford Administration's proposed cutbacks in food stamps, a position identical to that of the Democrats. "Well," he admitted, "we may or may not agree with the Democrats." But he added positively, "We'll just do what's right."

One aspect of the black Republican struggle is the party's fight over a rule requiring "positive action" for nondiscrimination in delegate selection for the 1976 convention. Conservative opposition to active implementation of this rule has been seen as a residue of Republican racism. What is forgotten is that, unlike the reform fights in the Democratic Party, much of this activity is of ludicrously small practical importance, since blacks and other minority groups are not beating down the doors to be included in the GOP. In fact, in many areas of the country, black Republicans run the risk of being smothered by the party's enthusiasm as it embraces them. Ironically, the party is making a more concerted attempt to get black support than to develop the two demographic areas that many experts consider most promising—blue-collar workers and Southern Democrats.

Although it is hardly fair to identify Gerald Ford—who, even more than Lyndon Johnson, is an "accidental president"—as the ideological lodestone of the party, his own pathetic drift from one half-baked approach to an opposite and equally ad hoc measure is uncomfortably typical of the party as a whole. Ford's appeal is identical with his personality—he is good, honest, fair. Most of the Republican efforts to build support have, consciously or not, worked from the same assumption—that people will join the party because it's nice, friendly, up-to-date. It cannot come as a very great surprise that these efforts have been no more successful than Ford's at filling the intellectual vacuum at the center of the party. From the Goldwater campaign, the Republicans learned a reasonable lesson—that they could not afford to sound like maniacs—but they learned a more debilitating lesson as well: they have become afraid to sound like anything.

Mainstream Republicans are fervent in their efforts to avoid any sharp differences with the Democrats. Vice President Rockefeller told delegates to a Washington leadership conference, "I don't want to see one party of the right and one of the left. I want a party that represents all the people, all points of view." When asked to define the future direction of the party, other leaders are equally resolute. Barber Conable, chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee, says, "We should appeal to the American middle class on the things that unite people." House Minority Leader John Rhodes says, "Republicans have a great opportunity to emerge as the party that stands for pragmatism and sound government." Vice President Rockefeller, though, remains the man with the clearest vision of the party's future. He says, "We must have a simple concept—which I guess the Republican Party has had from the beginning—that good government is the best politics and that is what people go for." So now we know exactly where the Republi-

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can Party stands on the vital issues of the day.

Back in the days when the Republicans did not bother to deny that they were the party of big business, they had an entire philosophy to set them apart from the Democrats. There was a nasty side to it which involved a sort of disdain for the starving masses and an uncritical willingness to spend money for defense. But there was also a stalwart belief in free enterprise, an antipathy to federal regulation, and a lingering suspicion of "big government." Although times have changed, these beliefs are still around, preserved for ritualistic purposes at Lincoln Day dinners and other Republican gatherings. But in reality, many party leaders place their electoral hopes elsewhere—staking out a position just to the right of the Democrats. Take Michael MacLeod, the former executive director of the Ripon Society, who asserts, "The voters should be offered a choice between a moderate Republican Party and a liberal Democratic Party." Conservatives, presumably, would be still permitted to vote for fringe groups as a form of therapeutic self-expression.

MacLeod might be a slightly extreme example, but variants of this strategy command GOP thinking to such a degree these days that many party conservatives are flirting with the idea of a Reaganite third party. Despite the dismal precedent of the Goldwater campaign, there is the undeniable fact that at least a few million Americans are deeply dissatisfied with the liberalism of many national Republican figures. Senator Bill Brock of Tennessee says, "Let's stand for something. Until we do, the word Republican will be associated with Watergate, big business and hard times."

There is, of course, something the Republicans might stand up for, and it needn't be the insensitive, hard-line complaints about welfare mothers and campus radicals that Ronald Reagan built his career on and which Kevin Phillips has been promoting as the "social issues." Five years ago these social issues seemed to be the guaranteed route to electoral success, but in the future they seem more likely to divide than include. Issues like these are apt to drive a wedge between those, like Reagan, who really do hate the welfare mothers, and that much larger group which is concerned about wasteful government expenditures, but which is scared by the bitter right-wing tone. The social issues, conceived as a way to lure the Archie Bunker/George Wallace constituency, are also unlikely to transcend the fundamental economic differences between "populists" and right-wingers.

I remember, for example, a televised confrontation between George Wallace and William F. Buckley in the late 1960s. Buckley, eyebrows arching, began telling his audience how Wallace was only masquerading as a conservative by listing the public projects sponsored by Wallace as governor of Alabama. Why, there were hospitals, roads, schools, nursing

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homes. . . . Suddenly, Wallace scowled and said derisively, "What's the matter, Mr. Buckley? Doncha believe in helpin' old folks?" That was the basic disagreement. But it was more than that: they represented two different worlds. The blue-collar worker that some conservatives want to bring into the party simply doesn't have that instinctive, inflexible opposition to "humanitarian" government spending, which is such an important element in Reaganite thinking.

An Emerging Republican Philosophy

Although the dreams of the Republican conservatives seem more nostalgic than practical, they are performing a valuable service in forcing the GOP to think about issues and party philosophy. For reasons that have to do with both the preservation of the two-party system and the need for some consistent and continuing critique of the increasing sloppiness of liberal thinking, it is important for the Republicans to make a far more deliberate effort to define their philosophic identity. It is not an impossible task, despite current difficulties. There are threads in traditional Republican thinking which still have a relevance to contemporary problems. Although this is clearly not the place to construct a Republican platform, here are a few areas which Republican thinkers might examine.

A good place to start is the Democratic Party's traditional alliance with the federal bureaucracy. There are valid critiques to be made of bloated and ineffective government programs. There are legitimate reasons to attack the Democrats for being the captives of the federal workers and the public service unions. But, up until now, most Republican efforts in this direction have focused on the minutiae of funding and eligibility requirements for federal programs, rather than pursuing more fundamental Republican proposals such as the Family Assistance Plan. Kevin Phillips in his book, *Mediacracy* makes the point that the welfare bureaucracy—including outside consultants, foundations, and businesses—has a direct stake in preserving the current system of indirect subsidies and social services. It's that kind of conservative attack on the welfare system that could gain votes and lead to fundamental reforms. The anti-bureaucratic theme, popularized by George Wallace ("I'll take them pointy-headed bureaucrats and throw their briefcases in the Potomac"), has the kind of substance that other social issues lack.

The GOP is also in a good position to stress greater economic competition, in the name of fighting inflation. An emphasis could be placed on antitrust actions, including opposition to vertical integration of businesses and mergers that threaten competition. Many Republicans are also urging an end to archaic transportation regulations by such agencies as the Civil Aeronautics Board and Interstate Commerce Commission, which keep rates artificially high. A few are even suggesting a flat rule lifting *any* regulation that prevents prices from being lowered. House conservatives, as shown by a pamphlet entitled "50 Ways to Fight Inflation," have come up with some intriguing cost-cutting suggestions. Among them: Modify standards for professional associations to allow for lower fees; allow private business to compete with the Post Office on first class mail; and end "cost plus" contracts by government.

There are many other areas Republicans should be thinking about. But the emphasis in any Republican Party program should not be how to sell it, but on what is being sold. The party might even take a cue from Ronald Reagan, who told a well-publicized gathering of conservatives, "Is it a third party we need, or is it a new and revitalized second party, raising a banner of no pale pastels, but bold colors which make it unmistakably clear where we stand on all of the issues troubling the people?" It's a point worth remembering as the party seeks to rise from the ashes. ■

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Guaranteed Annual Income For Consultants

by Robert Samuelson

Hereafter, I will require that all major legislative proposals, regulations, and rules emanating from the Executive Branch of the Government will include an Inflation Impact Statement that certifies we have carefully weighed the effect on the nation.

—President Ford in his economic speech, October 8, 1974.

In my business—the news business—you either take advantage of other people's problems, or you're finished. You might as well hock your typewriter and hang up your green eyeshade.

That's how I came to hear Max's story. Max drifted into the office late one Thursday afternoon. He was a mess. There were deep trenches under his eyes, his hair had been combed by the wind, and his face bore the scars of a trembling razor. He was 30, but looked 45.

A man in Max's shape needs a drink. I rescued a cup from the trash and poured out the last of my scotch.

"I think I'm just about at the end of the line," Max said in a whisper.

Robert Samuelson is a Washington writer.

It was late, and I was in no mood for self-indulgent melodrama. But, as I said, we get paid to listen.

"Why don't you tell me about it," I said, mustering what sympathy I could manage.

Max was a government lawyer, a GS-14 or GS-15—I forget which—working in the White House. I knew the type immediately: one of those earnest young men, confident of their own abilities, who had enlisted with Uncle Sam convinced that they could simultaneously satisfy their ambitions and their social conscience.

Max pointed towards his vinyl briefcase. I opened it and on top were two official documents. They had identical headings: "Inflation Impact Statements." The first was an Executive Order from the White House, dated November 27. The second was a memorandum from the Office of Management and Budget, dated January 28.

As I read the documents, their gist became clear. Each department and agency would prepare an "inflation impact statement" for all its major programs. They didn't really have to be followed—only prepared. It was

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sort of an institutional consciousness-raising exercise. Narrow-minded, agency-oriented bureaucrats would be made to see the wider implications of their actions. Advance public confession would curb sinning.

Max took off his aviator glasses and, with weary resignation, rubbed his eyes.

"There's a scandal here," he said, casually spilling out a phrase that's supposed to make any reporter salivate. I didn't because I figured that Max was either flattering himself or taking me for a sap. I hadn't been born yesterday, and I had seen cases like his before: a bureaucrat with an identity crisis, trying to cleanse his soul by running to the press.

But I let Max trace the dreary chronology. It started back in October when the President asked his speechwriters for some ideas about how to flesh out his anti-inflation address—you know, the one with the WIN buttons. Somebody remembered a memo with the idea for inflation impact statements, like those environmental things. The idea sounded attractive, looked respectable, and blended well with Republican anti-inflationary rhetoric. No one thought much about it. It was just one paragraph in the speech, and the President was scheduled to go on TV in just a few hours.

And these inflation impact statements did have cosmetic appeal. When it came to creating higher prices, I knew the government was a principal sinner. Across the federal landscape, it was a cinch to spot dozens of programs which helped push consumer prices upward. The Interstate Commerce Commission limited truck and railroad competition; that propped up freight rates. The Civil Aeronautics Board made it a crime for airlines to cut fares. The Davis-Bacon Act had the effect of requiring building contractors to use only high-cost union workers. Medicare and Medicaid procedures made Ross Perot a billionaire and contributed to spiraling health costs.

New horrors were being hatched daily, but I wasn't naive enough to think that analysis—no matter how it was labeled—would make much difference. Politics determined the fate of most government programs and regulations. Pieces of paper alone wouldn't change the political situation. Sure, the environmental impact statement said that the Alaska pipeline would make life miserable for the caribou, and that didn't end up preventing the pipeline from being built. Most bureaucrats knew what they were doing. If they went ahead with a controversial program, they usually had compelling reasons: pressure from important interest groups, their own sense of mission, or just an unmistakable mandate from Congress to do something that was blatantly inflationary. Analysis alone wouldn't eliminate these pressures.

I wasn't dismissing all analysis as useless, but my experience was that people only used information when it recommended what they wanted to do anyway. If it didn't, they'd just come up with some conflicting information, making just the opposite points. Such reports weren't hard to find. Somebody—a budget analyst at OMB or a congressional subcommittee or the faceless researchers at the GAO—would be encouraged to produce another study. If a program was popular enough—like the Alaska pipeline—all the analysis in the world was useless.

So, the inflation impact statements were an idea that looked good and sounded nice. But that's all. I didn't need Max to tell me this, especially when I still had hopes of getting out of the office in time to beat the rush-hour traffic. But he did anyway.

"You see this," he said, motioning toward the second of his official-looking documents. It was the one from OMB, and it carried the enticing title of Circular A-107. "It's the rules each governmental department is supposed to follow in drawing up its own rules for writing inflation impact statements. Nothing in government can be

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done without rules, so we have rules to write rules. The paperwork just expands geometrically. First, the President makes his proposal back in October. It's just one paragraph in a long speech. Then, two months later, the White House gets around to issuing an executive order on how to implement the paragraph. The executive order runs two pages."

He waved the first document at me, and I verified his arithmetic.

"Two months after that, OMB issues its circular explaining the executive order. That's four pages." He was a genius at numbers. "And that's just the beginning. Of the nearly 100 agencies which received Circular A-107, dozens responded by requesting exemptions. Do you have any idea how much paper is involved in the American Battle Monuments Administration requesting an exemption and OMB granting it?"

I didn't, but I was shrewd enough not to let on.

"OMB is still wading through the exemptions. And the departments that don't get them will then have to write up departmental regulations which will probably run 10 to 20 pages each. Multiply that by all the departments and agencies, and we've already got a mountain of pulp. And we haven't even gotten to the statements yet."

It was a familiar tale. Inflation would be forgotten, as everyone worried about coping with the nuisance and the nuances of the inflation impact statements. Most shrewd government lawyers would probably try to limit the number of statements their departments would have to produce by putting a ceiling—say, $50 million—on the kind of actions that required statements. But they had to be careful. The executive order, which didn't expire until the end of 1976, demanded statements, and anybody who didn't like what your agency was doing—for *whatever* reason—could take you to court on the pretext that your impact statement wasn't adequate. Suits meant delays. Like paperwork, they cost money and took time. In the end, the courts would probably support the agencies, but, even if they did, they still couldn't restore all the time and effort that fighting the suit required.

All this was pretty routine to somebody in my business. I didn't need Max in my office, drinking the last of my scotch, as the rush-hour traffic piled up eight floors below my single, sooty window. I had had enough. It was time to get home.

"That's all very interesting, Max," I said, "but what the hell does all that have to do with you?" And by implication—what the hell does all this have to do with me?

It took a while for Max to answer. And before he did, he stared at the scotch bottle a long time, as if somehow that would make it less empty. Finally, he got it out: "The whole thing was my idea, but I didn't realize that it would lead to this." To prove it, he reached into his vinyl briefcase and came out with a dog-eared xerox of a memo on White House stationery.

I didn't know what to say, so I just took the xerox and laid it softly on my desk, next to an empty Coke

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bottle. I knew what to expect next—a long monologue about guilt and responsibility, the sort of thing that people came to expect from Daniel Ellsberg on Vietnam.

But Max, to his credit, was made of sterner stuff. He came back to the point. "It wouldn't be so bad," he said, "but I know what's going to end up happening. You see, there are limits to honest analysis. You can safely say that something's inflationary, but you don't necessarily put a finger on it. But we demand that everything be precise, so these reports are going to be filled with a lot of dubious statistics."

I could tell that Max had learned a lot since his first days in the White House, when he wrote the memo that set everything in motion.

"What's going to happen," Max said, "is that a lot of the agencies won't be able to handle the extra work load and will have to farm it out. The consultants will have a field day. Each time an agency will have to produce an impact statement it'll mean an $80,000 fee for a consulting firm. Multiply that by a couple of thousand statements a year and you've added a couple of hundred million to the federal budget—all in the name of fighting inflation."

"You know what consultants remind me of?" Max asked suddenly. "Seagulls swarming around a mountain of garbage. Except in government it's all the studies, reports, and evaluations that somebody has said must be done, but nobody really gives a damn about."

Something about the seagulls and the garbage cheered up Max, because suddenly he looked relieved. I was glad, because I couldn't do much for him. "Look," I said, "there's no story here. This kind of stuff goes on everyday in government. But I will give you some free advice. Call in sick tomorrow. Take a few days off. The government won't collapse. Western civilization won't end."

I drove him home. He said he'd think about it. ■

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Memo of the Month

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
REGION IV — ATLANTA

TO : Administrative Services Staff

DATE: January 29, 1975

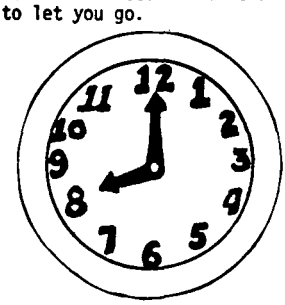
FROM : Charles B. Long, Jr. Charles B. Long Jr.
Regional Administrative Services Officer

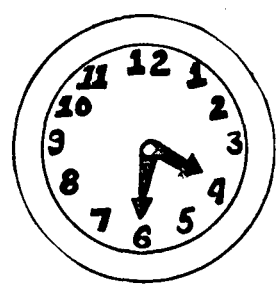
REFER TO:

SUBJECT : Office Hours

There are some members of the staff who do not observe work-day hours. We open for business at 8:00 a.m. and close at 4:30 p.m.

In other words, you should leave home early enough each morning so that you will be in the office when the little hand is on the eight and the big hand is on the twelve.(See drawing.) You should not leave the office until the little hand is on the four and the big hand on the six. (Also see drawing.) There are no exceptions to this. When there is an occasional need to leave a few minutes early, Mr. Meador or I will be glad to let you go.





Now, the matter of breaks and lunch periods. There is a 15 minute break period, morning and afternoon, and a 30 minute lunch period. We prefer not to assign break and lunch periods; however, if it's necessary, we will.

You may take this home with you, if you like. It may help in figuring out the time you should leave each morning - or you may just want to get out your crayons and color the clocks.

HELP ELIMINATE WASTE HEW COST REDUCTION PROGRAM

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The Gold in the Garbage: What the Left Can Learn From Ayn Ranc

by James Fallows

The first time I read *Atlas Shrugged* was in the summer of 1963, a year before the Goldwater campaign. I was in my early teens at the time, about to begin high school, and very much wrapped up in the right-wing political movements which were then so strong in the part of Southern California where I lived. I quickly got my hands on the major scriptures of the Goldwater crusade, which included Goldwater's own *Conscience of a Conservative*, the Birch Society's *Blue Book*, Phyllis Schlaffly's *A Choice Not an Echo*, and the works of Ayn Rand.

I was dutiful enough about memorizing Schlaffly and the *Blue Book*, but my heart was always with Ayn Rand. The rest of the books might be campaign propaganda, but this, I knew, was philosophy. *The Fountainhead*, *We the Living* and most of all *Atlas Shrugged*—these three novels articulated a view of life, men, and morals which completely captivated my political imagination. As I read them, I felt that Ayn Rand was enabling me to make sense of what I had observed myself, as well as opening up new dimensions I had not begun to consider.

The unique appeal of *Atlas Shrugged* was that it mirrored the world that I saw; although this is not a comparison I would have made at the time, it provided me with the same shock of recognition the early Bolsheviks must have felt on first reading Marx. The book's most fervent plea was that each man should be permitted to succeed, to rise as high as his abilities would take him, without anyone else getting in the way. Those who failed or were defeated should not be permitted to shift the blame to anyone but themselves. Their frustration or need, by itself, did not constitute a claim for "charity" from their abler brothers.

The important thing about this philosophy, and the small town setting in which I discovered it, was that daily life held few reminders of what I would later consider the heartlessness and arrogance of Ayn Rand. If you were ever to believe that each man started with an equal chance in life, you would believe it in a town like Redlands, California. The encrusta-

James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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tions of social class, educational background, and family name which weighed so heavily in the East seemed largely to be shed when one moved to California, the land without a past. Everyone had an equal chance at the brass ring. One succeeded or failed according to one's energy and wit—or so it seemed to me. To those raw perceptions Ayn Rand added a sense of galvanizing, fighting urgency. Someone out there was trying to deny me, my parents, my friends the fruits of our efforts; it was our duty to stand up and fight back.

In my own way, I attempted to do so, giving my all for Goldwater, toying with the Birch Society, even taking the podium at a high school debate to defend California's Proposition 14, the one denounced throughout the nation as the anti-fair-housing law. I developed to a fine degree the ability, often mislabeled "right-wing paranoia," to take offense at the most minute incursion on my rights. I recall with special clarity the Saturday morning in the fall of 1965 when my father was driving me to school so I could take a scholarship test. While sitting in the car I went on and on complaining how unfair it was that this was the only scholarship I could try for. Since most of the other scholarships were awarded not on merit but on need, our family's comfortable income froze us out of the competition. Bitterly, bitterly I denounced the injustice of a world that denied me my fair chance, which would deliberately give scholarships to people *less qualified than me*, simply because my parents had been successful. My father, never given to airy speculation, grunted tolerantly about how he would be happy to pay my way, which seemed to me an infuriating evasion of the issue.

Not long afterward it all changed. The following year I was heading east to college, bearing with me the earnest warning of one of my most respected advisers that I not let myself "go pink." In a manner too cliched and familiar to bear much explanation, I soon did just that. What subsequent experiences hammered home was a little point Ayn Rand seemed to have missed—that not everyone does start with an equal chance, and, given that imperfection, that one could rarely err by being charitable. The few times I

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thought of Ayn Rand or the old Goldwater days, I wrote them off to the excesses of youth.

Recently, however, I took another look at *Atlas Shrugged,* mainly because I remembered what the book was about. The plot concerns a world in which the railroads don't work, the mail isn't delivered, and the economy, as a whole, is going straight to hell. This sounded like Contemporary Relevance to me. Could there be a neglected truth in the old potboiler? A grain of wisdom in those 1200 pages? Even though, for the first time in years, I underwent the indignity of concealing a book's cover while reading it in public, I decided to find out. I found far more value than I ever expected.

First, for the benefit of those whose own childhoods denied them the opportunity for close study of Ayn Rand, some plot summary may be in order. *Atlas Shrugged* is less a novel, in the quality-lit sense of the term, than a parable—specifically, of the struggle between the energetic, economically-productive members of society and a parasitic class known as the "looters." These looters, rough caricatures of the bleeding-heart liberals, have taken control of the society Ayn Rand depicts, and, bit by bit, they are squeezing the life out of it. They are killing their country because, in their humanitarian noble-minded, public-spirited contempt for the businessman, they have forgotten how much they rely on that despised character. With each new restrictive regulation, all designed to enhance equality and "justice," they make it harder for the few remaining entrepreneurs to run the railroads, smelt the steel, and pump the oil the nation demands. For mysterious reasons, many of these same industrialists respond to the harrassment by simply disappearing. Soon only two remain: Dagny Taggart, the she-man, superwoman power behind Taggart Transcontinental Railroads, and Henry Rearden, her lover, owner of Rearden Mills and inventor of the fabulous

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Rearden Metal, a lighter, stronger substitute for steel.

As these two struggle under the mounting difficulties imposed by the looters, we learn that they are struggling against other forces as well. The other productive geniuses who have vanished from the earth have done so for a reason surprisingly similar to that of the radicals during the 1960s; they want not reform but revolution. Rather than permitting the looters to continue feeding off the energies of those they denounce as profiteers, they decide to withdraw their talent, and let the looters starve. Under the direction of the greatest genius of them all, the clean-featured, golden-haired, bright-eyed John Galt, they create a utopia of ability out in Colorado, while the rest of the world regresses to the Dark Ages. Most of the book concerns the process by which the two holdouts, Taggart and Rearden, are finally convinced to abandon the looters and adopt the view of themselves as "Prometheus who changed his mind. After centuries of being torn by vultures in payment for having brought to men the fire of the gods, he broke his chains and he withdrew his fire—until the day when men withdraw their vultures."

Whinning Rotters

The appeal of the book is obviously not in its literary quality, which is a heavy-handed, low-grade cross between Bunyan and Nietzsche. Nor is the book's main message especially palatable or persuasive.

That main message, of course, is the case for libertarianism, for the minimal state. The libertarian agrees—in fact, requires—that men should have equality of opportunity, but he reserves his most bitter denunciation for state efforts to ensure equality of result. In all the self-important, epistemological rigamarole Ayn Rand devotes to proving this case, I found no convincing response to the objection which had first made me deviate from her flock. In the world as we know it, men do not have equal opportunities, nor any plausible chance of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. A deviation of that order, from the world of the logical model to society as it actually is, weakens the theory hopelessly.

I should add at this point that it is not fair to hang the libertarians' whole case on Ayn Rand, for on this issue especially she presents an abnormally weak face. Far from demonstrating sympathy for the inequalities of the real world, she gives herself over to a tone of contemptuous, vindictive hatred of those who have failed. It is hard to select single illustrations of a current that runs through nearly every page of the book, but the following passage should give some small idea. In it, Rearden is being asked about one of his fabulous inventions:

"Did you want to see it used by whining rotters who never rouse themselves to any effort, who do not possess the ability of a filing clerk, but demand the income of a company president, who drift from failure to failure and expect you to pay their bills, who hold their wishing as an equivalent of your work and their need as a higher claim to regard than your effort, who demand that it be the aim of your life to serve them, who demand that your strength be the voiceless, rightless, unpaid, unrewarded slave of their impotence. . . ?"

The libertarian case can be made without these vicious overtones, as Robert Nozick has done in his monumental new book, *Anarchy, State, Utopia*. In a surprisingly lucid style, Nozick argues that any "patterned" distribution of resources—that is, any forced deviation from the distribution that free capitalist exchanges would create—is an indefensible infringement on individual rights. Therefore, he concludes after a case too complex to summarize, the only legitimate functions of the state are to protect its citizens against force, fraud, and the like. While this is the most eloquent defense of the libertarian position to

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appear in some time, it, too, fails to meet the basic objection of unequal opportunities. Nozick himself has conceded that, until he can find a way to accommodate historical injustice in his theory, redistributive measures—the very thing the libertarian most fiercely opposes—may be legitimate state functions.

If the pure libertarian credo is finally unpersuasive, what is there provocative in *Atlas Shrugged*? For me, it was an element I had not noticed at all in my earlier incarnation—Ayn Rand's demonstration of one of the most serious omissions in liberal political philosophy. That is the liberals' vacuum of ideas about basic economic competence and productivity. Ayn Rand does not make this point directly. Rather, in building both sides of her case, in celebrating her heroes and denouncing the villains, she tends to lump together two non-identical qualities. One is the libertarian political theory; the other, economic performance and skill. In *Atlas Shrugged* the two appear to be virtually inseparable: the libertarian advocates are nearly all inventors and businessmen, while her looters could not run a factory to save themselves. By combining these two elements, she serves one rhetorical end: not only can she argue, as does Nozick, that violating libertarian principles is "unjust," but she can go on to warn that it will cause an utter economic collapse. But by insisting on this conjunction she tempts readers who are not persuaded by her philosophy and who are repelled by her heartlessness to ignore her valid complaint about the left's conspicuous failure to deal with the techniques of business and economic production.

I have two examples of what I mean by "conspicuous failure." For most liberals "economics" has meant, during the last three decades at least, a question of distribution rather than production. To be sure, distribution of the world's goods, both in this country and abroad, remains a major injustice. But recent signs have indicated that production—simple, unglamorous industrial production—may soon become one of our major priorities. Some industrial economists have predicted that the next shortage this country will confront will be more profound than even the energy shortage—that is a capital shortage, on the order of one trillion dollars over the next ten years. While the term "capital" has come to connote rich, powerful men exploiting the poor and the weak, technically it means nothing more than the resources available for production. A capital shortage, in this sense, does not simply mean lean times for the men on Wall Street, but affects our ability to do everything from supporting museums to providing education to satisfying the simple material desires. Dealing with it will require something more than the traditional liberal attacks on big business and the military. But mention the capital problem in the steel industry or ways of providing long-term finance for our exporters, and you've put your liberal friends to sleep.

A second illustration is the disdain, so accurately parodied by Ayn Rand, that the public-service, humanitarian-liberal crowd feels for the good side of the business ethic. Time and again my heart went out to one of Ayn Rand's titans when, after working an 18-hour day trying to fend off one catastrophe after another, he would run into a smug liberal fresh from reading *Babbitt*. After Henry Rearden has been through one of the more heroic days of his business career, he is greeted by his wife: " 'Why, darling,' she said in a bright tone of amusement, 'isn't it too early to come home? Wasn't there some slag to sweep. . . ? " Another time, when attending a party with her bleeding-heart friends, he thinks:

" 'You don't care for anything but business.' He had heard it all his life, pronounced as a verdict of damnation. He had always known that business was regarded as some sort of secret, shameful cult, which one did not impose on innocent laymen. . . that to

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talk shop was an offense against higher sensibilities, that just as one washed machine grease off one's hands before coming home, so one was supposed to wash the stain of business off one's mind before entering a drawing room."

The Joy of Work

This hits close to home for anyone who has ever instinctively brushed off his clothes and thought, "there but for the grace of God. . ." after encountering a friend in business. Ayn Rand's race of philosopher-kings is an imprecise portrait of the business world, to say the least, but inside all this overblown heroism there is a small reminder of a neglected point. It is that some people are in business for the joy, even the nobility, of bringing men and materials together, taking risks and staving off disasters, and finally producing something good that other people can use or enjoy. As the contemporary versions of the Two Cultures, government and business, gyre farther apart, those of us on the "public service" side of the fence often forget that the man who invented the calculator, or simply found a more efficient way to manufacture it, feels proud and worthy for reasons other than the profit he's made. In the full flush of his contempt for the manipulative Harold-Geneen face of the business world, the liberal is also tempted to forget the equal contempt which the entrepreneur feels for the sniveling cowards of the "non-competitive," "non-productive" sector. Ayn Rand is absolutely on target in depicting the contrast between those who plunge themselves into the effort to make something *work*, be it a novel or a smelter, and those whose most fervent desire is to cover their tails. In a number of scenes which, though she may not have intended them as such, come off as sublime black comedy, she shows how the two types of people react to catastrophes. When a blast furnace springs a leak, you see all the entrepreneurs stripping off their jackets and charging into action to plug the hole. Taggart and Rearden work through the night at their desks trying to meet their next deadline. Meanwhile, another catastrophe looms, as a series of foul-ups means that a crammed passenger train will be sent on a course that will certainly kill everyone aboard. Taggart and Rearden are unaware of this impending disaster, and the public service types rise, in true form, to the challenge. They rush around in a desperate race against the clock—not to save the people, but to get the right memos on the record so that, after the catastrophe takes place, the investigating committee will not be able to blame them.

After a few scenes like this, you can begin to understand the businessman, understand why he hates the civil servants in their risk-free world. If the grotesquely archetypical figure of Ayn Rand's world is the industrialist sneering at the inferior, starving masses, his equally grotesque counterpart on the left is the New York City bureaucrat who lives in a rent-controlled apartment, berates the landlord for letting the building fall apart, and, sitting in his vaguely-defined job, imagining that he is still fighting the battles of the '30s, feels vastly superior to the businessmen, because he can conceive of no motive for them other than vulgar acquisitiveness and cannot understand the joy some of them feel in what they have created.

Ayn Rand has no heart for those who stumble, and a good part of the left has no heart for those whose accomplishments happen to earn them a profit, rather than being foundation-supported. The usual conclusion to a case such as this is a plea for mutual understanding, but the brutal reality is something different. For the immediate future, the burden is on the liberals. With our capital shortages and our economic emergencies, the most urgent need is to create a climate that will encourage productive entrepreneurs. This is a major departure for those of us chilled by Ayn Rand, but a necessary one. ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in May.

The Alaska Pipeline: The Politics of Oil and Native Land Claims. Mary Clay Berry. Indiana Univ., $10.95.

American Public Administration: Past, Present, Future. Frederick C. Mosher, ed. Univ. of Alabama, $10/3.50.

The Anxious Economy. Ezra Solomon. W.H. Freeman, $6.95. Originally prepared as part of Stanford University's alumni-education program, this is a clearly written, comprehensive, sensible survey of the economic system and its current disorders.

Bank Management and Portfolio Behavior. Donald D. Hester, James L. Pierce. Yale Univ., $20.

Bellevue: A Documentary of a Large Metropolitan Hospital. Don Gold. Harper & Row, $10.

The Big Woods. Ellis Lucia. Doubleday, $12.95.

Blue-Collar Aristocrats: Life Styles at a Working Class Tavern. E.E. LeMasters. Univ. of Wisconsin, $8.95.

Breach of Faith: The Fall of President Nixon. Theodore H. White. Atheneum, $10.95. Teddy White, who was one of the last to awaken to the Watergate scandal—he had a two hour interview with Nixon on March 17, 1973 and did not ask a single question about it—has now produced what is not only his own best book but is also the best book yet written about Watergate. Most of the book is directed to examining why the "fall" occurred. The first chapter is an engrossing account of the last two weeks of the administration.

Here is his account of the role of Nixon's family:

"Buchanan met. . . Saturday, in the solarium of the White House, with the two daughters of the President and Bebe Rebozo. What they were seeking was one staff member, just one, to lead the President's guard to the last battle. Would Buchanan do it? They wanted to carry the fight right down to the Senate floor. Buchanan argued against—they had only one choice: either their father would be the first President of the United States to resign, or he would be the first President to be impeached and convicted. Which did they want? If they fought, Buchanan said, they would drag the whole party down with them; it simply wasn't right to take the country through this debate for another three or four months with no hope for victory. The daughters disagreed. Buchanan countered again: if we had known about this mess fifteen months ago, we could have gone to the nation, made a confession of it like the Bay of Pigs. But there had been a year of "ongoing deception." They insisted that Buchanan must lead the fight. Pat compromised—let us wait, wait just a few days, wait to see what the nation's reaction would be. . . .

"By Tuesday. . . the President was moving toward the only conclusion possible, held back from it only by the family guard. Julie Nixon Eisenhower was its leader; now she insisted on an appointment with Haig for her husband, David Eisenhower, to press on Haig her father's plea. The President had lied to her, as well as to everyone else, but he was her father; and she could see in him not only his anguish but what she felt was his greatness. Haig listened, not commenting, recognizing that the only resistance left came from the family. . . .

"By Wednesday afternoon. . . the loyalty of his daughters and their husbands was the last genuine base of support he commanded. Deputized to receive them, Buchanan lis-

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tened in his EOB office to the last plea of Edward Cox and David Eisenhower, at three o'clock. "They were eloquent," said Buchanan; they were as familiar with every detail of the transcript as Buzhardt himself, and they knew the dangers to both the party and the country. But they were appealing to Buchanan as a man of the conservative cause. For the sake of history, the record ought to show how much good had been done for the country by Richard Nixon; the record should demonstrate by trial in the Senate the precise reason why he had been removed. The two young men made no attempt to justify the "trivial" crime of which Nixon was guilty. But, they argued, the fight must be made all the way to the Senate floor, because Constitutionally it was important that a President not be removed by a wave of public opinion; he must be removed only by clear Constitutional judgment of his responsibility and its abuse. The offense, the impeachable offense, must be focused sharp.

"To which Buchanan could only reply: the course they sought could not balance the danger to the President himself, vulnerable to every penalty of law if he were found guilty by the Senate. Nor could it balance the danger to the country—months more of controversy in a lost cause until the vote came on the floor of the Senate, with the country unable to strain the clear and narrow perspectives of crime from the turmoil. There was no purpose to such a fight at such a cost. At about four, the two young men left and, said Buchanan, 'I felt no minds had been changed.'

"What message the sons-in-law carried back to the President from Buchanan must have been a melancholy one. But the messages coming in to him from his party via the Haig track were worse.

"The previous day, Senator Stennis of Mississippi had relayed his message that the President must resign. The previous evening George Bush, National Chairman of the Republican Party, a close personal friend, almost a protege of the President's, had pondered his loyalties, personal and partisan, and on Wednesday morning had delivered to the White House his final judgment as party leader. 'Dear Mr. President,' read the Bush letter, 'It is my considered judgment that you should now resign.' "

White is still too kind to his sources. Leonard Garment is called "the conscience of the White House" without the slightest hint of what modest praise that is. Other sources like Buzhardt, Burch, Haig, and Timmons are treated with consistent reverence for their part in the administration's final days. The author seems aware of the motivation for their sudden concern for justice in only one sentence: "The matter was intolerable. Unless he, Haig, acted immediately, then he, St. Clair, Garment, Burch, Timmons and other honorable men who had served the President unflinchingly would themselves become party to crime."

A Child is Being Beaten. Naomi Feigelson Chase. Holt, $7.95.

Congress. Randall B. Ripley. Norton, $7.95.

The Conscience of the Courts: Law and Morals in American Life. Graham Hughes. Anchor/Doubleday, $8.95.

Conversations with Kennedy. Benjamin C. Bradlee. Norton, $7.95. The author with his subject's permission kept a record of his social life with the Kennedys. The result is a fascinating picture of John Kennedy's informal off-the-record self at small dinner parties and weekends in the country or on the Cape. Bradlee is sufficiently honest to include enough unfavorable material to have already supplied Bill Safire with a whole column of anti-Kennedy anecdotes.

But Bradlee shares so many of Kennedy's own unfortunate values—e.g. snobbery and machoism—that he seems unaware of much that was wrong with Kennedy.

But he is sublimely sensitive to Kennedy's attractive side and the result is a book that brings life to the high intelligence and humor that one would so much like to see in the presidency again.

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Curing the Mischiefs of Faction: Party Reform in America. Austin Ranney. Univ. of California, $8.50.

The Debt Trap: The International Monetary Fund and the Third World. Cheryl Payer. Monthly Review, $11.50.

Democracy and Poetry. Robert Penn Warren. Harvard, $5.95.

The Descriptive Analysis of Power. Jack Nagel. Yale Univ., $11.50.

Detroit: I Do Mind Dying: A Study in Urban Revolution. Dan Georgakas, Marvin Surkin. St. Martin's, $10.

The Divided Academy: Professors and Politics. Everett C. Ladd, S.M. Lipset. McGraw-Hill, $12.95.

Fragile Structures: A Story of Oil Refineries, the National Security, and the Coast of Maine. Peter Bradford. Harper's Magazine Press, $12.95.

Government–Industry and Defense: Economics and Administration. A.M. Agapos. Univ. of Alabama, $10.95.

The Gun: A "Biography" of the Gun That Killed John F. Kennedy. Henry S. Bloomgarden. Grossman, $6.95.

A Hero's Welcome: The Conscience of Sergeant James Daly vs. The United States Army. James Daly, Lee Bergman. Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50.

How the Good Guys Finally Won: Notes From an Impeachment Summer. Jimmy Breslin. Viking, $6.95. One of America's livelier reporters returns to journalism with an impeachment book focused around Tip O'Neill and the Judiciary Committee staff. In his vignettes, Breslin provides the kind of shrewdly observed human detail that is so rare in political reporting. Because of the author's access to O'Neill, he was able to come up with a series of stories about the back-stage machinations behind impeachment. For example, on the night that Ford was sworn in as Vice-President, we see James Lynn, the HUD secretary, talking to Tip O'Neill: " 'Tip, did you ever think we'd be standing here in the White House with history being made, The Twenty-Fifth Amendment working for the first time. There's probably never going to be another night like it in the country's history.' 'Not for about eight months,' Tip O'Neill said, Lynn's mouth opened. Tip O'Neill gave this great street laugh of his and jammed a Daniel Webster cigar in his mouth. James Lynn went away from the night with cement in his stomach."

There are a couple of stories the author may regret. One goes this way:

"During the 1960 presidential campaign, O'Neill was an advance man in Missouri for John F. Kennedy and in the course of his duties he came upon August Busch, who offered to round up 30 people for a $1,000-a-head breakfast meeting if Kennedy would show up. O'Neill called Kennedy, who quickly asked the crucial question about the proposed meeting. 'What time should I be there?' The breakfast was arranged at an airport motel and Kennedy arrived, stepped into the room, received the money nod from O'Neill, and then said to the guests, 'If you'll excuse Congressman O'Neill and me for a moment.'

"The two of them went out and jammed into what O'Neill remembers as the world's smallest men's room.

" 'Now I have twelve thousand in cash and seventeen thousand in checks, what do you want me to do with it?'

" 'Give the checks to Kenny O'Donnell. I'll take the cash.'

" O'Neill handed Kennedy the cash and watched it disappear into the inside jacket pocket."

The only possible meaning of the story is that Kennedy was going to use the cash personally. The only other reason for cash is to protect the identity of the giver and O'Donnell, Kennedy's most trusted assistant, would certainly have done that. Breslin seems completely unaware that, since even the most radical revisionist has not charged Kennedy with corruption, this story is either untrue or front-page news.

Another anecdote for which the source seems to be that devoted public servant, former Congressman Cornelius E. Gallagher, who while serving a two-year sentence for tax evasion at Allenwood, says he was invited to play tennis by Jeb Stuart Magruder.

"The first time Gallagher went on the tennis court with Magruder, it was plain Magruder was not interested in tennis. He stopped the game and went off to the side of the court and spoke to Gallagher.

" 'If you could do anything to help, the President really would be able to do something for you,' Magruder said.

" 'Like what?' Gallagher said.

"He remembers Magruder saying to him, 'Peter Rodino is going to be wiped out. We've got plenty on him. If you could help, that's all we need. When we come up with something on Rodino, the public will be so revolted that the President could make it through. And then you, you'd be out of here clean. With a pardon. You could practice law.' "

This is supposed to have happened well after Magruder had seen the profit of the Boy Scout route and had no reason to play along with the White House which would scarcely have trusted him anyway since his testimony was helping to send a good part of its staff to jail.

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A few of Breslin's other anecdotes have about the same ring of truth as a Reader's Digest "My Most Unforgettable Character" story, although it must be acknowledged that the prose is more like Mary McGrory than the Digest.

And the recitation of meaningless detail—O'Neill's "Daniel Webster" cigars and his "worn Impala" car—sometimes becomes tedious.

On the other hand, there are two marvelous pages of lawyers in politics, some really fine lines, e.g. "The thought immediately occurs to you as you walk into the cloakroom that Congress is afternoon baseball," and St. Clair "appeared to like the television lights too much to have any confrontation with the client that might lead to a new lawyer," and one heretofore unpublished allegation by Dean Burch that Nixon was the only one who could have erased the tapes.

Idols of the Tribe: Group Identity and Political Change. Harold R. Isaacs. Harper & Row, &7.95. This book is a substantial expansion and elaboration of an essay by Mr. Isaacs called "The House of Muumbi" that appeared in the October, 1971 issue of The Washington Monthly.

The Invisible Crash. James Dines. Random House, $10.95. As traditional economic "authorities" run out of answers fringe theories, including those of gold-bugs like Dines have attracted wider audiences. This book is at times alarming in its oversimplification, but useful for laying out what is becoming an influential theory.

Jesse Jackson: The Man, the Movement, the Myth. Barbara A. Reynolds. Nelson-Hall, $9.95.

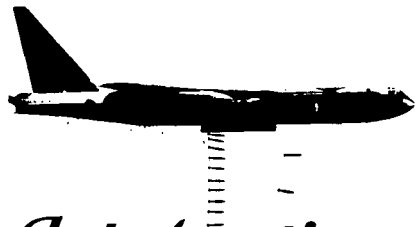
Lobbying for Freedom: A Citizen's Guide to Fighting Censorship at the State Level. Kenneth P. Norwick. St. Martin's, $8.95.

Looking Away: Hollywood and Vietnam. Julian Smith. Scribner's, $8.95.

Multinational Firms and Asian Exports. Benjamin I. Cohen. Yale Univ., $12.50.

Nader: Making of a Revolutionary. Hays Gorey. Grosset & Dunlap, $8.95. Gorey is a respected reporter whose reputation will unfortunately not be enhanced by this tiresome recitation of the highlights of the Public Citizen's career, padded with pointless anecdotes and lengthy quotes from the Great Man. We learn once again that Nader sleeps four hours a night and lives in a cheap rooming house. What we don't get is an intelligent analysis of Nader's impact on public life. The author concludes with an irritating fantasy chapter on a Nader presidential race, filled with enough homilies on civic participation to arouse a new sympathy for corporate executives.

The New Yorkers: A Profile of an American



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Metropolis. Andrew Hacker. Mason/Charter, $10.

No Left Turns. Joseph L. Schott. Praeger, $7.95.

No Place to Hide: A Guide to Bugs, Wire Taps, Surveillance and Other Privacy Invasions. Alan LeMond, Ron Fry. St. Martin's, $7.95.

Nothing But the Best: The Luck of the Jewish Princess. Leslie Tonner. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95.

Of Thee, Nevertheless, I Sing. William Lee Miller. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10. A series of graceful, carefully-crafted, generally intelligent, but not terribly original essays on American political life by a former Adlai Stevenson speech-writer. Miller is most at home with the 1950s and early 1960s—his essay on Eisenhower is the strongest piece in the book. But even here his underlying themes are not very striking—Eisenhower represented America's deprecation of politics, Kennedy's values were those of the technocrat. Even more predictable is his liberal academic's outrage over Watergate. He entitles one essay, "Kicking Richard Nixon Around Just One Last Time" and sprinkles the rest of the text with observations like: "The Watergaters demonstrated again and again that they did not understand. . . their moral obligation to their adversary in a democratic system."

The Oil Security System: An Import Strategy for Achieving Oil Security and Reducing Oil Prices. Daniel H. Newlon, Norman V. Breckner. Heath, $9.50.

On Economics and Society: Selected Essays. Harry G. Johnson. Univ. of Chicago, $15.

On the Creation of a Just World. Saul H. Mendlovitz, ed. Free Press/Macmillan, $9.95.

The Other Government: The Unseen Power of Washington Lawyers. Mark J. Green. Grossman, $10.

Police Report: A View of Law Enforcement. Jerry Wilson. Little, Brown, $9.95. The innovative former police chief of Washington, D.C. provides a dull survey of the major problem areas of police administration. His own success at reducing crime between 1969 and 1972 offers a few lessons to other cities, including the importance of requiring district commanders to be personally responsible for crime control in their areas. The book is surprisingly short on crime-stopping suggestions, but he does note the unimportance of requiring a college education for patrolmen and administrators.

Portrait of a President. Hugh Sidey. Harper & Row, $12.95.

A Psychohistory of Zionism. Jay Y. Gonen. Mason/Charter, $15.

Public Work, Public Workers. Ralph J. Flynn. New Republic, $5.95. Written by the former executive director of the Coalition of American Public Employees, this is a book about a newly discovered group of downtrodden and exploited Americans—the government employees. Flynn claims the book is a brief for extending the benefits of the Wagner Act to the public sector, but he never really develops his argument. Instead he relies on flat assertions such as, there is "if not an active desire, at least a broad tolerance, for treating public workers, economically, and in other ways, as second-class citizens." At a time when New York City teeters on the edge of bankruptcy because of a generation of extravagant pay-offs to its municipal employees, a lament like this borders on the ludicrous. This is the kind of book which could have been infuriating if only Flynn had done a coherent and thorough job of putting it together. Rather than a statement of the new militance of the Albert Shanker, Jerry Wurf (who wrote the introduction) variety, this book is little more than an inept cut-and-paste job.

The Second Great Crash. Frances Cairncross, Hamish McRae. Prentice-Hall, $5.95.

Social Policy: An Introduction. Richard Titmuss. Pantheon, $7.95.

The Speed Culture. Lester Grinspoon, M.D. Harvard, $15.

Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off! Richard Pollak, ed. Random House, $8.95.

The Thin Yellow Line. William Moore. St. Martin's, $8.95.

This Soldier Still at War. John Bryan. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $9.95. A competent, sympathetic look at the life and times of Joe Remiro, one of the founders of the SLA. Bryan traces Remiro's evolution from an apolitical working-class Catholic to bitter Vietnam veteran to violent revolutionary. Remiro is now in prison, charged with the murder of a black school superintendent. Bryan uses Remiro as a symbol of the upheavals of the late 1960s, but he is really representative of no one but himself, worth a magazine article, but not a book.

The Victims. Frank Carrington. Arlington House, $9.95.

War in the Shadows. Robert Asprey. Doubleday, $35.

War Without Weapons: Non-Violence in National Defence. Anders Boserup, Andrew Mack. Schocken, $6.50/2.95.

Who's Afraid of 1984? The Case for Optimism in Looking Ahead in the 1980s. Jerome Tuccille. Arlington House, $7.95.

Why Survive? Being Old in America. Robert N. Butler, M.D. Harper & Row, $15.

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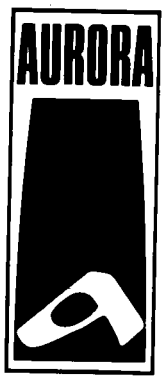

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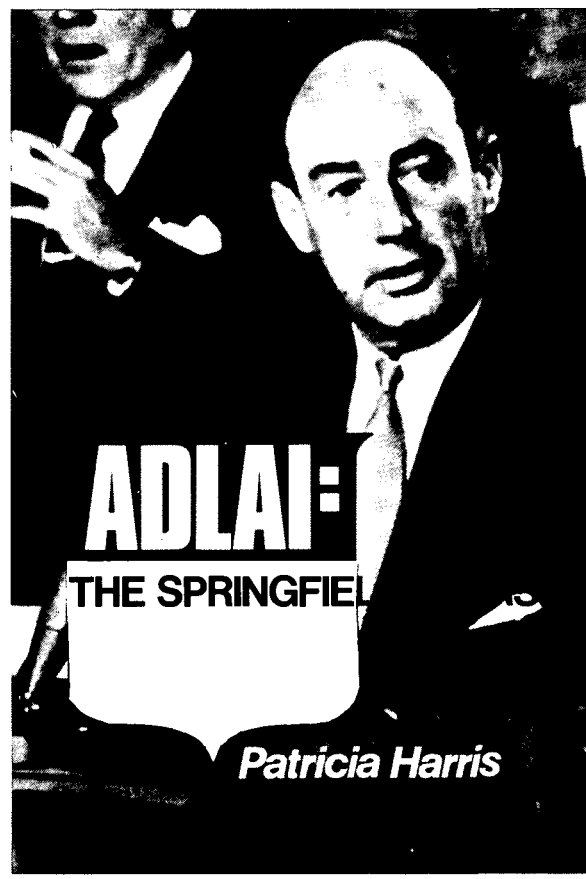

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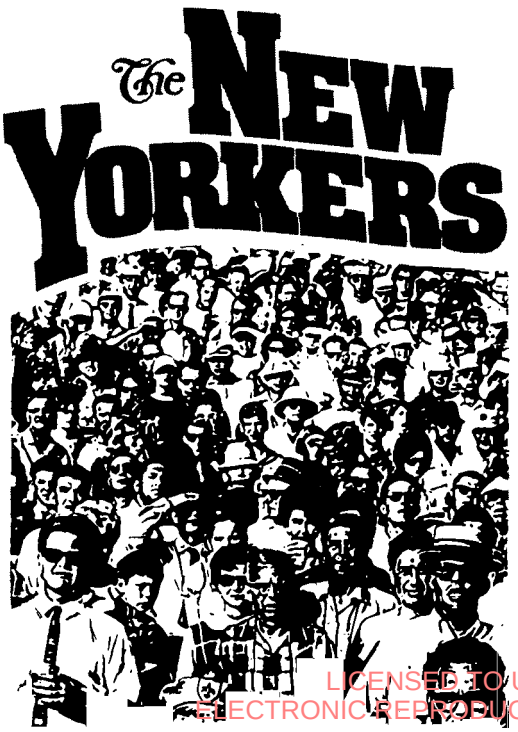

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